

HERGÉ

THE ADVENTURES OF

TINTIN

# PRISONERS OF THE SUN



MAGNET



MAGNET



U. C. ROY HALL LIBRARY  
100 V. BRASSIE



**B. C. P. LIBRARY**  
**I. I. ...**

At Police Headquarters  
in Callao, Peru...

SOUTH  
AMERICA

Callao

PACIFIC  
OCEAN


ATLANTIC  
OCEAN

Haddock, a retired ship's captain, and Tintin, the reporter? Oh, yes, Interpol warned me they'd be coming. Send them in.

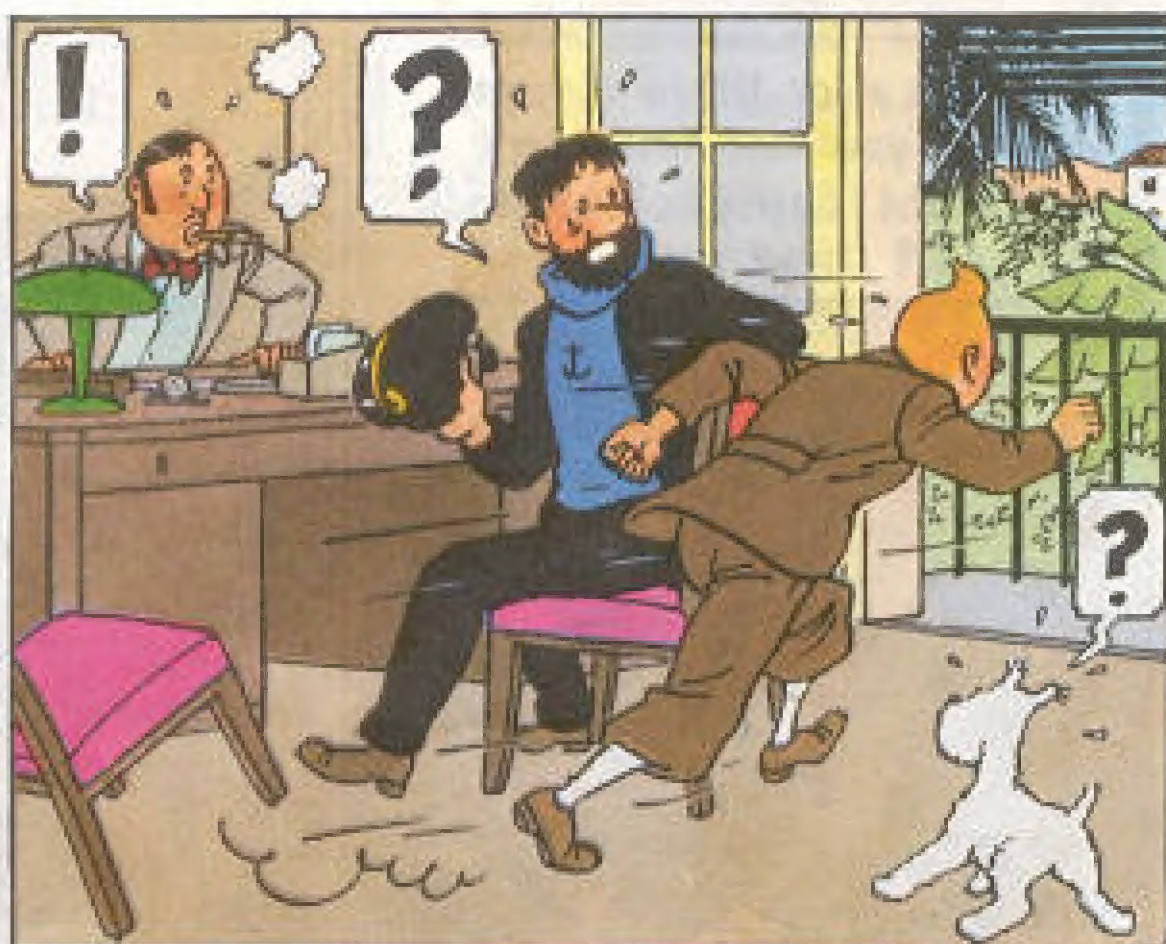



As I understand it, this is the situation: your friend Professor Calculus has been kidnapped, and you have good reason to believe he's aboard the cargo ship "Pachacamac"- due to arrive in Callao any day now. Am I right? <sup>1</sup>

Absolutely.



Well, gentlemen, as soon as the "Pachacamac" comes into port we will search the ship. If your friend really is aboard, then he will be restored to you immediately. Now, we can only...



Look down there; an Indian running away!... Someone was spying on us!


Surely you're mistaken ...

No, no, I saw him quite clearly: an Indian, peering through the railings. He disappeared behind those bushes.

Bah! What does it matter? There was nothing confidential in what we said.



Why not forget the whole incident... and allow me to offer you a glass of pisco? It's our national drink. Come, here's to the safe return of your friend Calculus.





A few minutes later...



Our lucky day! Just think, we're going to see old Cuthbert again! ... This is the happiest day of my life! ... Hurrah for pisco! It's all right! ... Everything's going to be all right!



Perk up, don't look so gloomy. We'll soon see Cuthbert again. Things are looking up!

Yes, things are looking up... But you know, it doesn't alter the fact that we're being watched.



Pooh, that doesn't matter! Enjoy yourself. Look around you: the Indians, the clothes, the colours, the llamas.



Kilikilikili!...There's a nice little llama...



Hoity toity! Aren't we grand!

You be careful, señor...

Be careful? ... Why? ... I'm not going to eat your precious llama, am I? ...



You're a nice little llama, aren't you? ... You don't mind old Captain Haddock, do you?



When llama is angry, señor, he always do that.

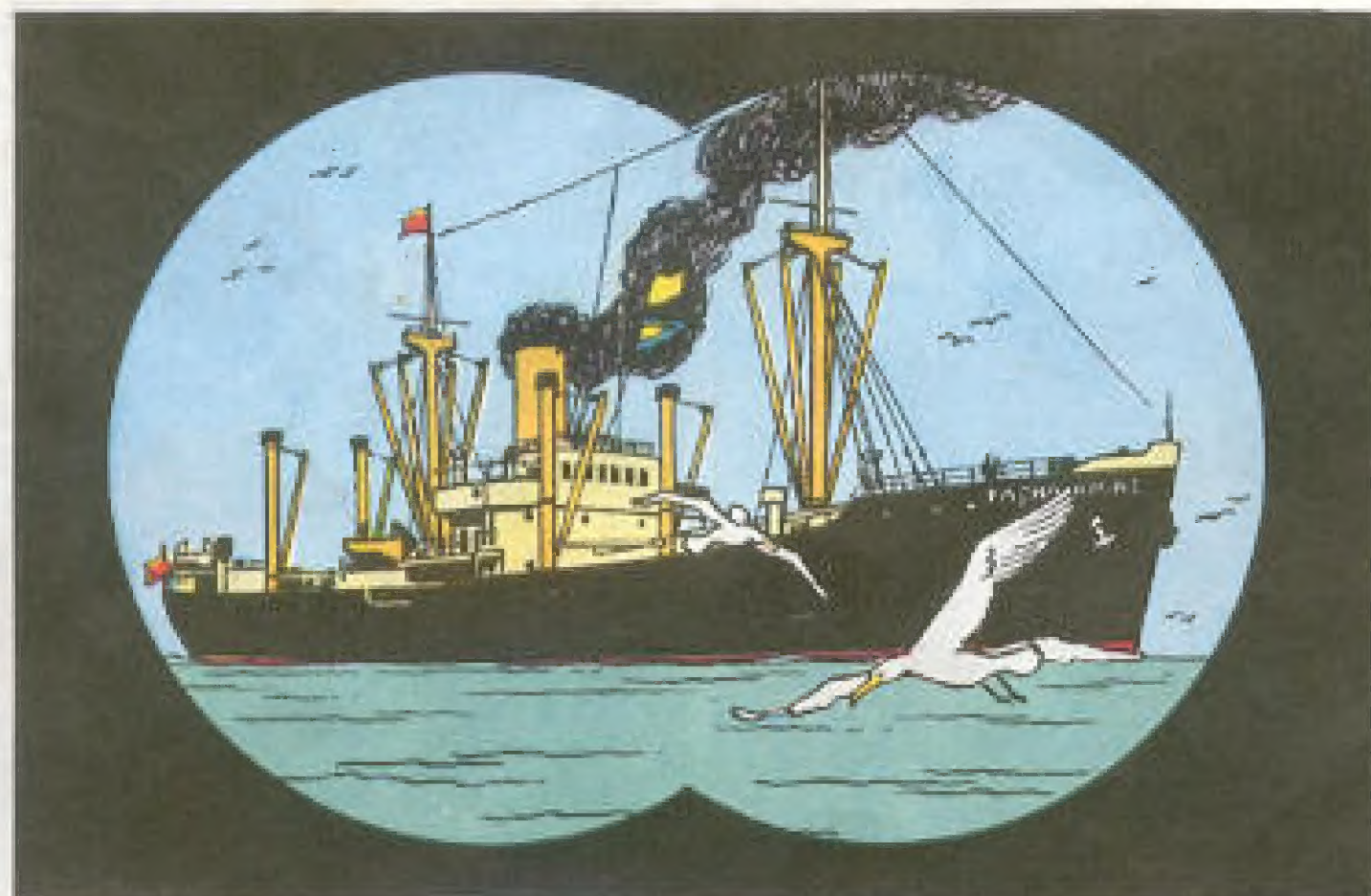
And what manners!



Ungrateful brute! Animals like that shouldn't be allowed!















Billions of blue bubonic barnacles! She'll be quarantined!



Are they celebrating the captain's birthday?

Putting a ship in quarantine, you landlubber, means keeping her in isolation for some time, to avoid risk of infection.



There's the launch coming back...



Well, doctor?

Two cases of yellow fever on board. I've ordered three weeks' quarantine.



You heard? ... I'm terribly sorry about that... You'll just have to be patient.

Yes... obviously. Tell me, isn't that doctor an Indian?



A Quichua, as a matter of fact. Why?

Oh, no reason. I just wondered.



*A little later...*

Thundering typhoons! Three weeks... Three weeks without knowing whether Calculus is even aboard that blistering bathtub!



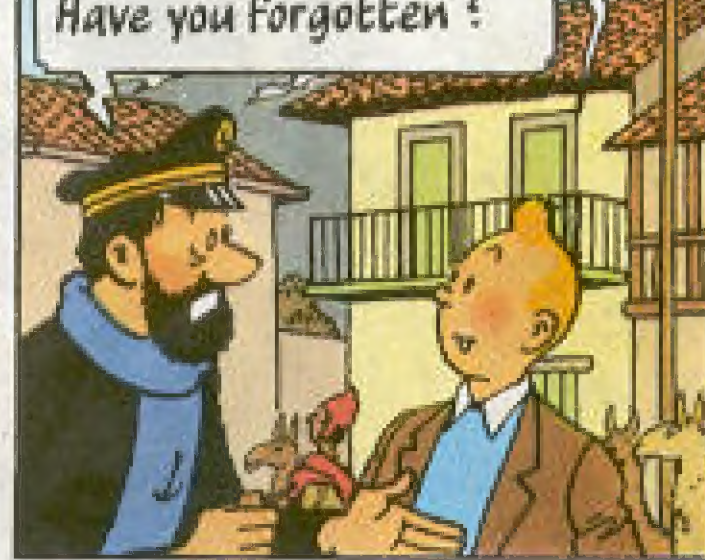
There's no question of waiting three weeks... We're going to find out tonight!

What do you mean, tonight?



Tonight I shall go aboard the "Pachacamac".

Tonight?... You?... What about the yellow fever, stupid?... Have you forgotten?



Captain, I'll bet anything you like that every man aboard the "Pachacamac" is as fit as you and me.



But thundering typhoons, the doctor definitely said...

The doctor is an Indian, Captain... a Quichua Indian... Doesn't that mean anything to you? ...



*Night has fallen...*





Stop! We won't go any further...  
We might be seen.

Right... You're quite sure?  
I told you, there are  
sharks around here...



Nuts to the sharks! Anyway,  
they should be fast asleep at  
this hour, like everyone else!

Just as you  
like...

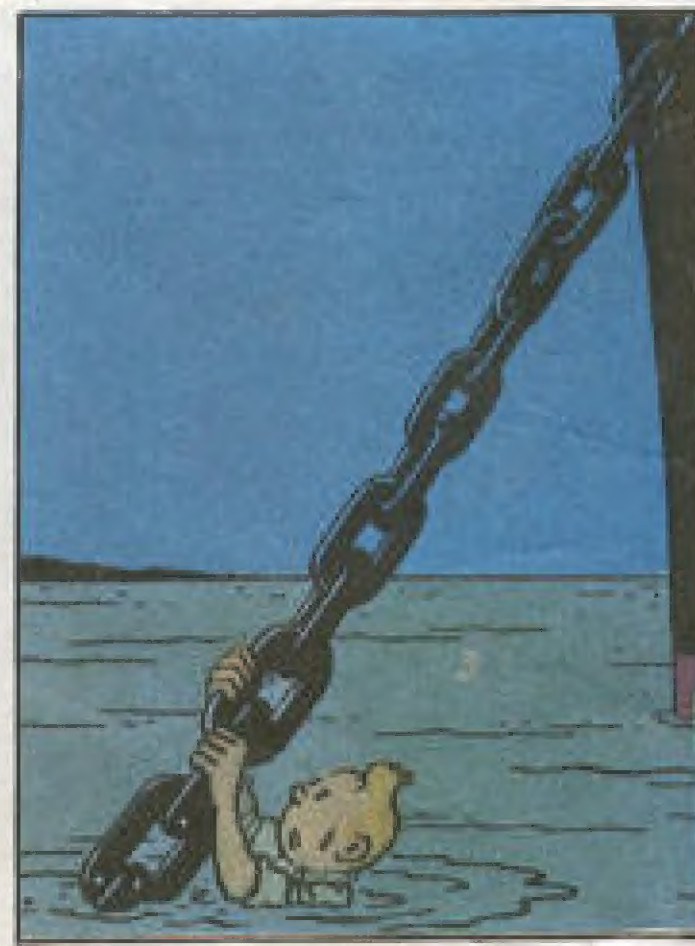


There... You know the drill, don't you:  
if I'm not back in a couple of hours,  
inform the police... Goodbye, Captain.  
And you be a good boy, Snowy.

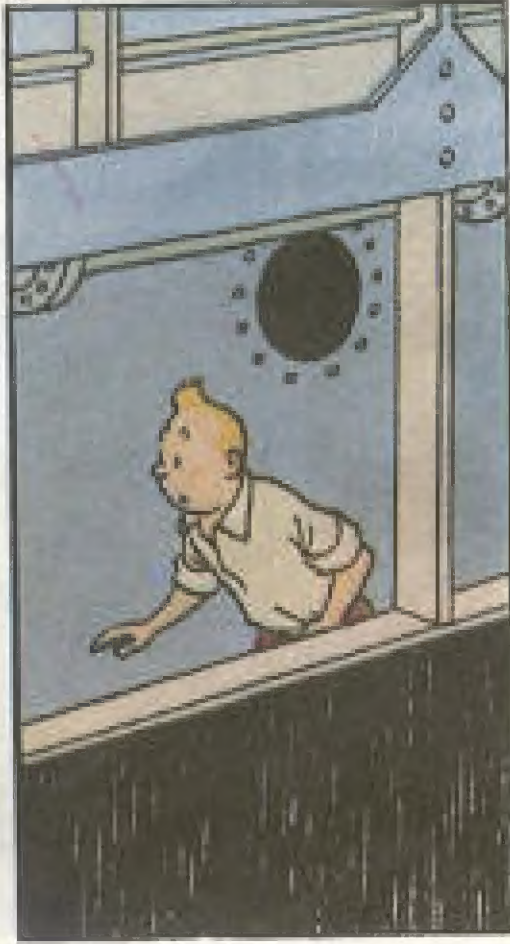
Good luck,  
Tintin.



Thundering typhoons!...  
There's no stopping him!



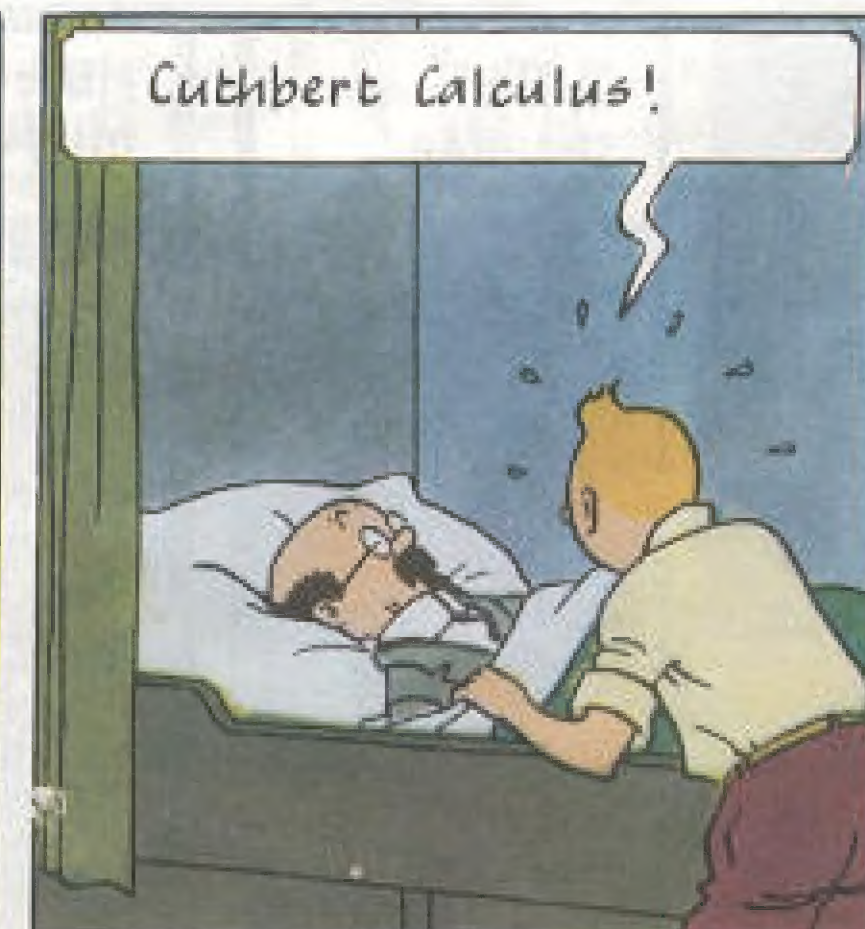
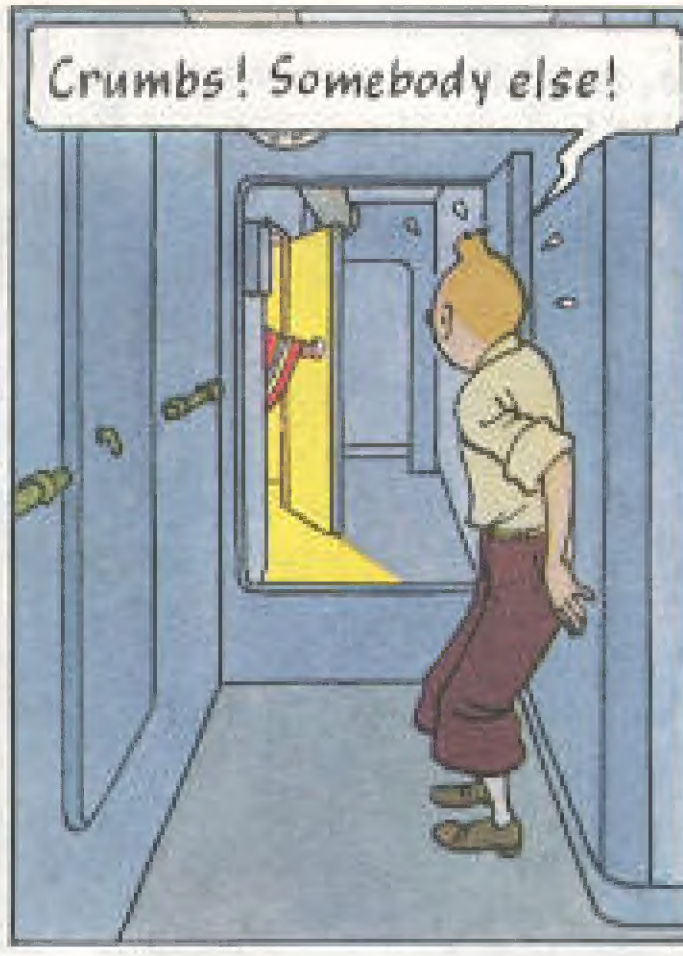
Now comes the most  
difficult part...



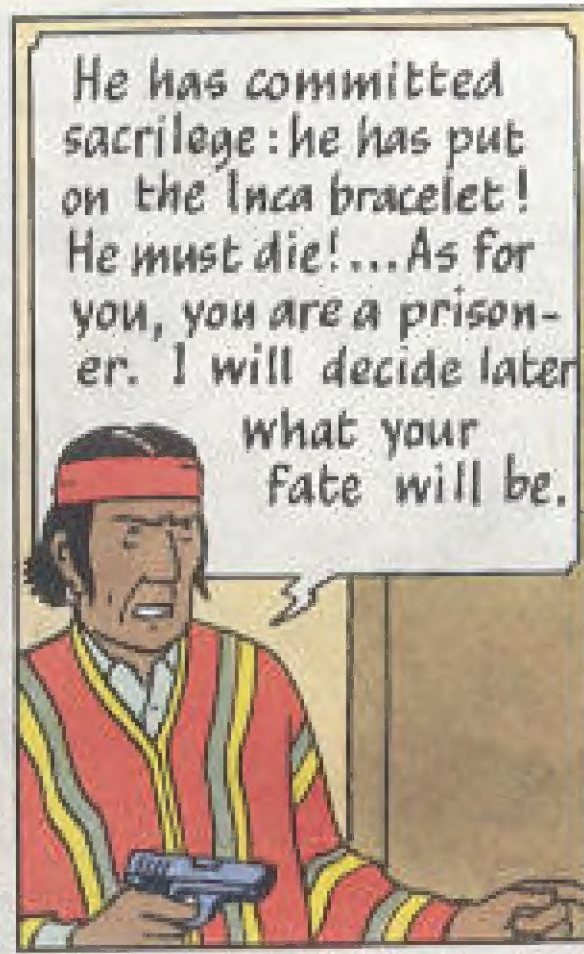
¿Qué pasa,  
ahí abajo?...













Thundering typhoons!... Those guano-gatherers are murdering Tintin!



Iconoclasts!... Pirates!... Just a few more strokes...



... and someone's going to get it in the neck!



?



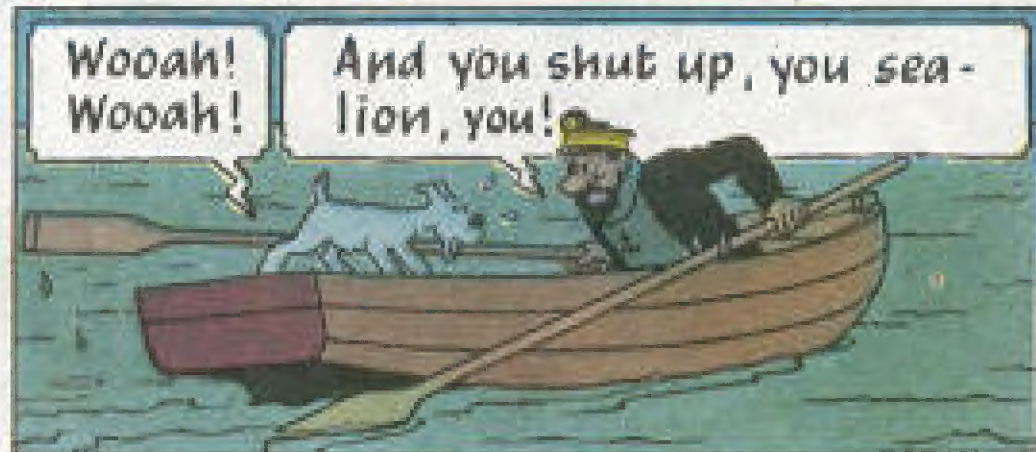
Wooah! Wooah!

Blistering barnacles!



Wooah! Wooah!

And you shut up, you sea-lion, you!



Ah, there's Tintin.

Wooah!



Quick, climb aboard... Not hurt, are you?

No, not a scratch... But let's get out of here, fast!



Calculus is on board, Captain, I saw him. They're going to put him to death. They say he committed sacrilege by wearing an Inca bracelet.



Back to the shore! We must get reinforcements!



You dash back to the town and alert the police. I'll stay here and keep watch.



No sleep for us tonight, Snowy.

I might've guessed!



All quiet. But after what's happened they're bound to make a move... Yes, they're launching a boat. I hope the Captain gets help quickly...



A 'phone box, at last!



Hello... Yes... Police Headquarters... What?... You want to talk to the señor Chief Inspector?... At this hour? Have you gone crazy?... The señor Chief Inspector is asleep!



Thundering typhoons, I know that! If he wasn't asleep you wouldn't have to wake him up!... Tell him it's very, very urgent!



You're breaking my heart!... Look, it may be urgent, but nobody wakes the señor Chief Inspector at four a.m.!



But you must wake him, I tell you, it's... Hello... Hello... Hello... The blistering blundering bird-brain, he's hung up!





*Meanwhile ...*

The boat's getting nearer... Come on, Snowy, but don't show yourself. We're going to take a closer look at them...



I've got an idea ... I'll ring up the Thompsons... Four, two, eight ... That's it ...



That sounds like the telephone.

To be precise: the telephone.



Great snakes... They're carrying Calculus ashore!



RRRRRING

Are you going to answer it?

Me?... Certainly not ... how can I? I'm asleep!



Taking their time, the baboons!



RRRRRING

You can't be asleep, you're talking to me!

You know very well that I talk in my sleep!



Blue blistering barnacles! I can't stand here all night!



Very well, I'll go. But next time, it's your turn!



Hello?... Hello, Thomson?... And about time too!... This is Captain Haddock...



What?... Who?... Oh, yes, Captain Haddock... I ... What?... Calculus?... Where?... Yes... Right ... We'll come at once ...



*Half an hour later...*

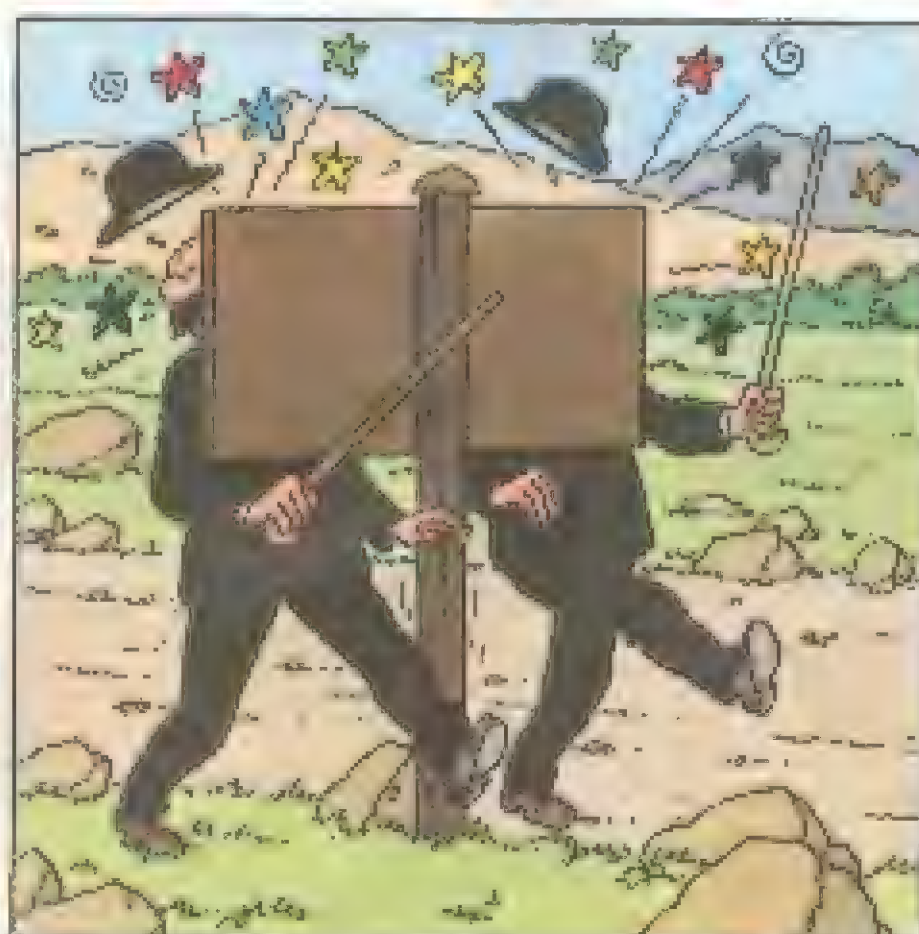
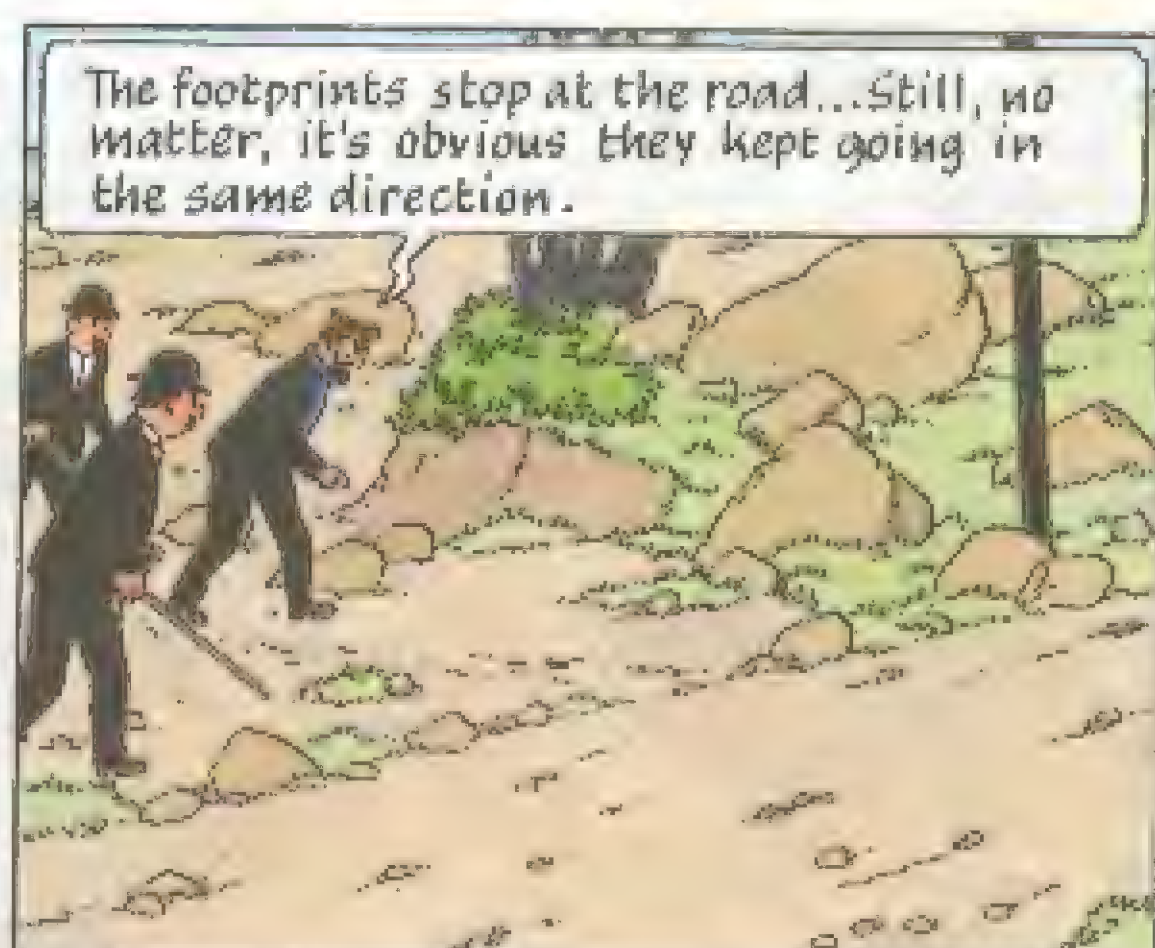
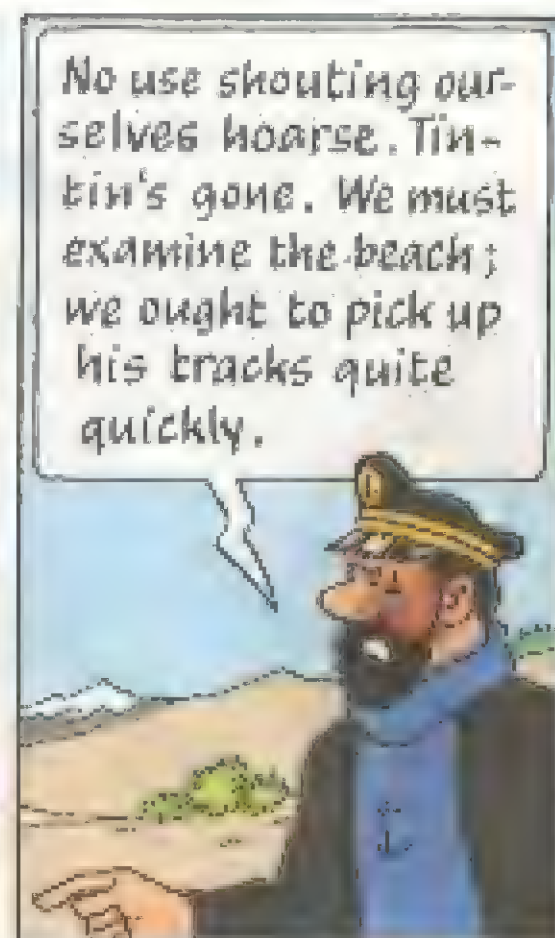
Nearly two hours since I left him... I hope he's all right.



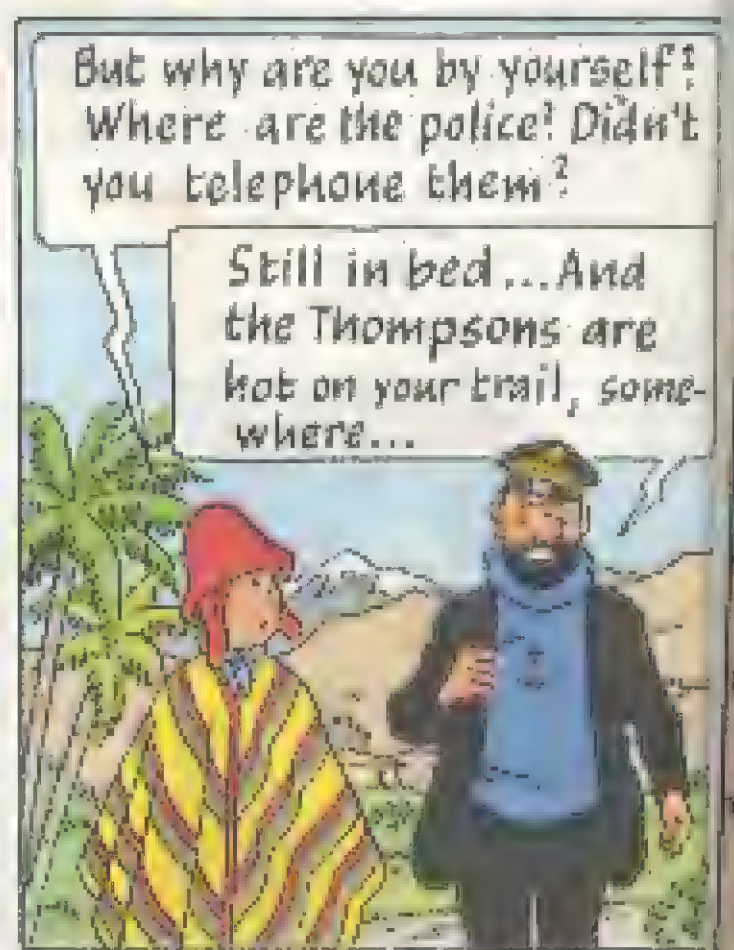
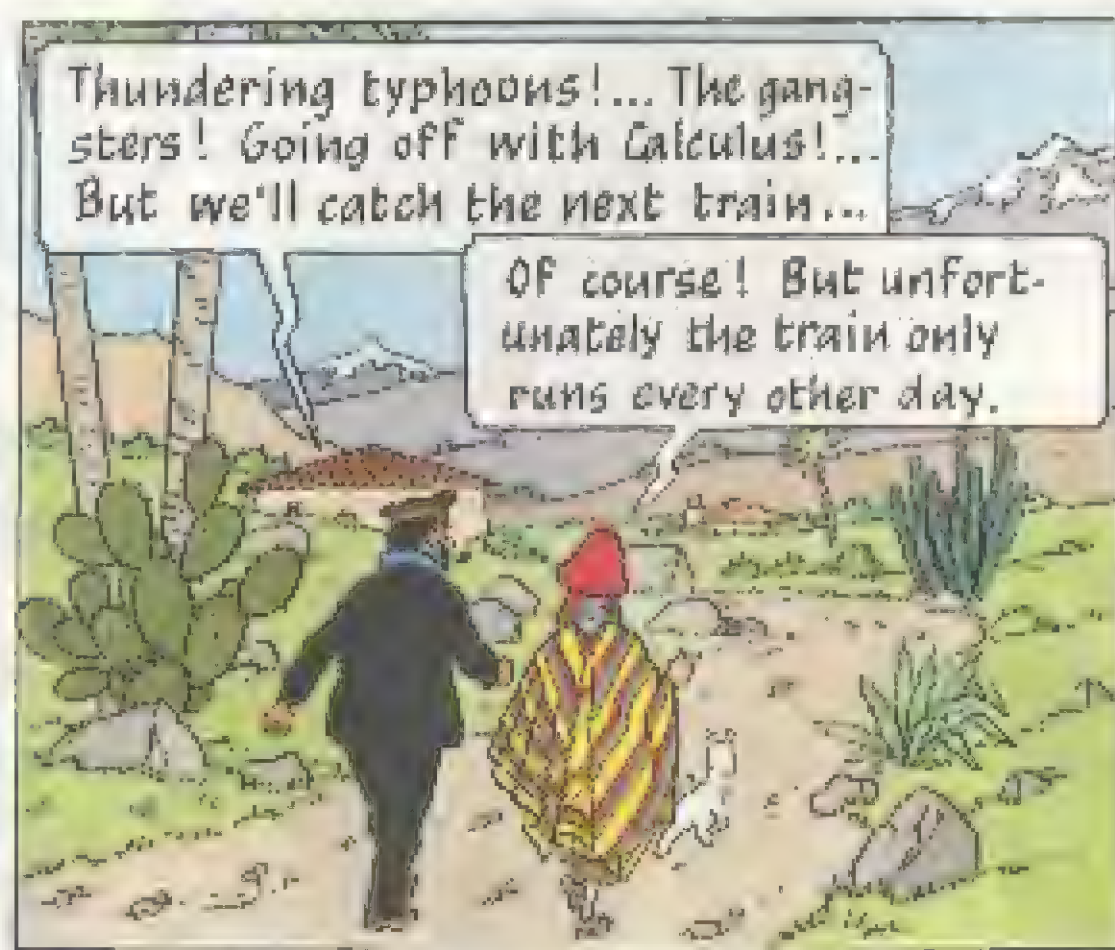
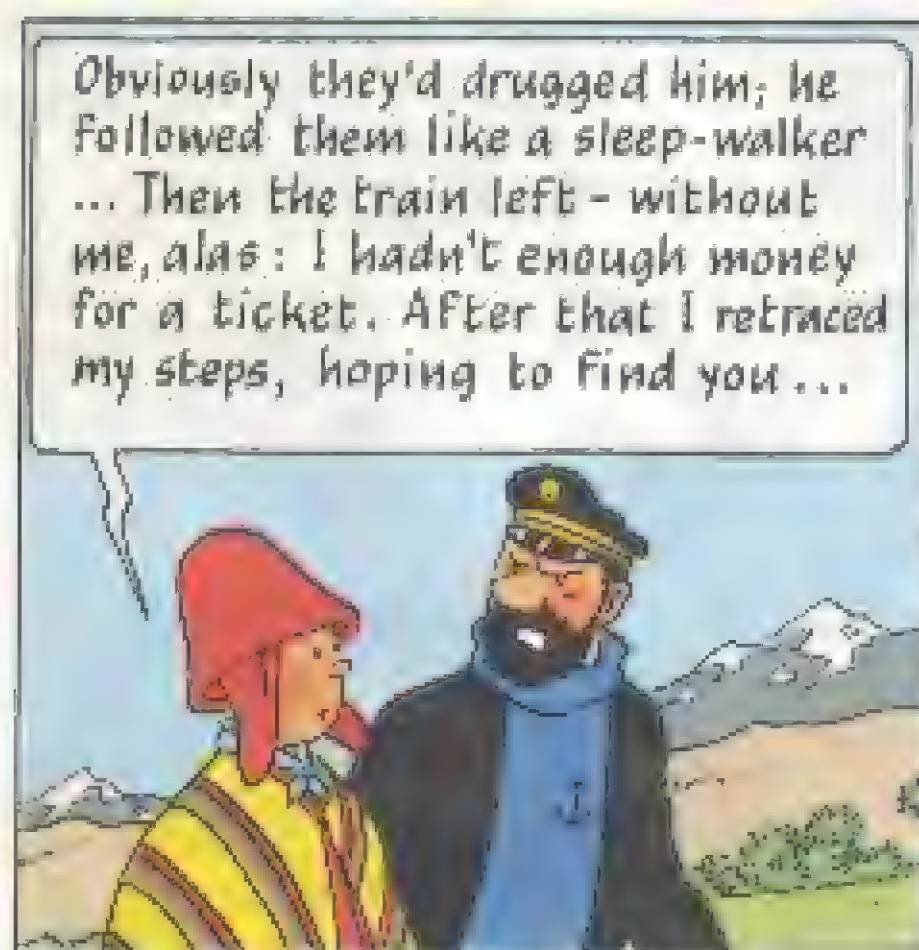
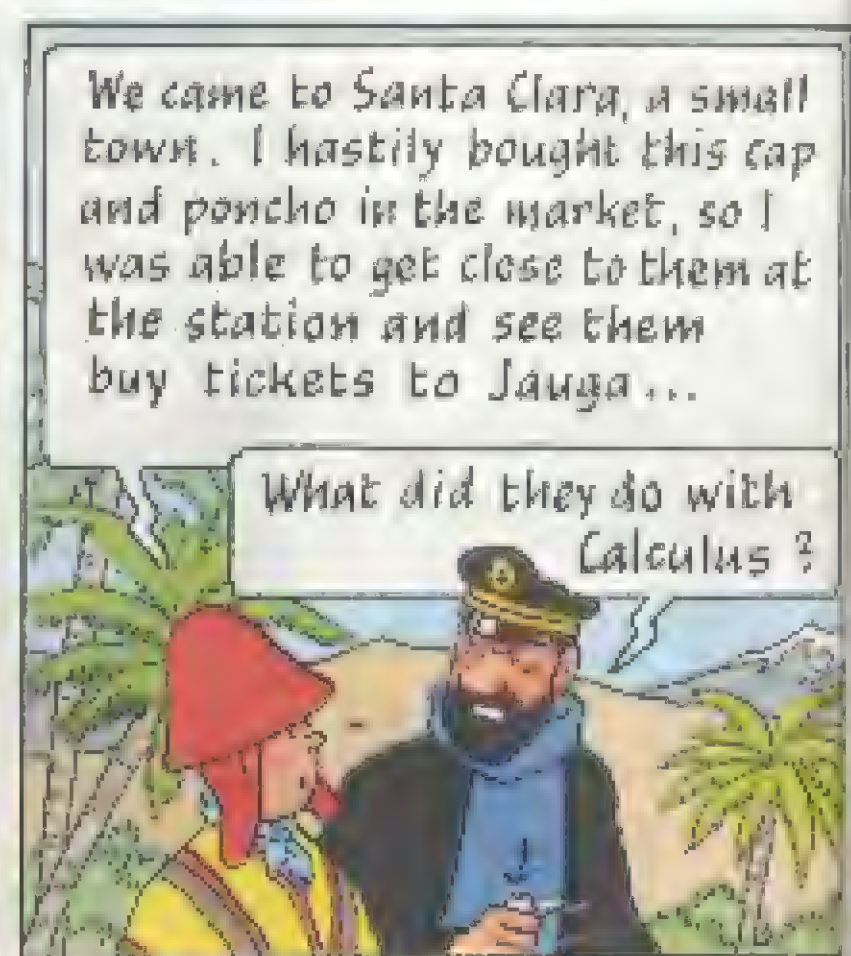
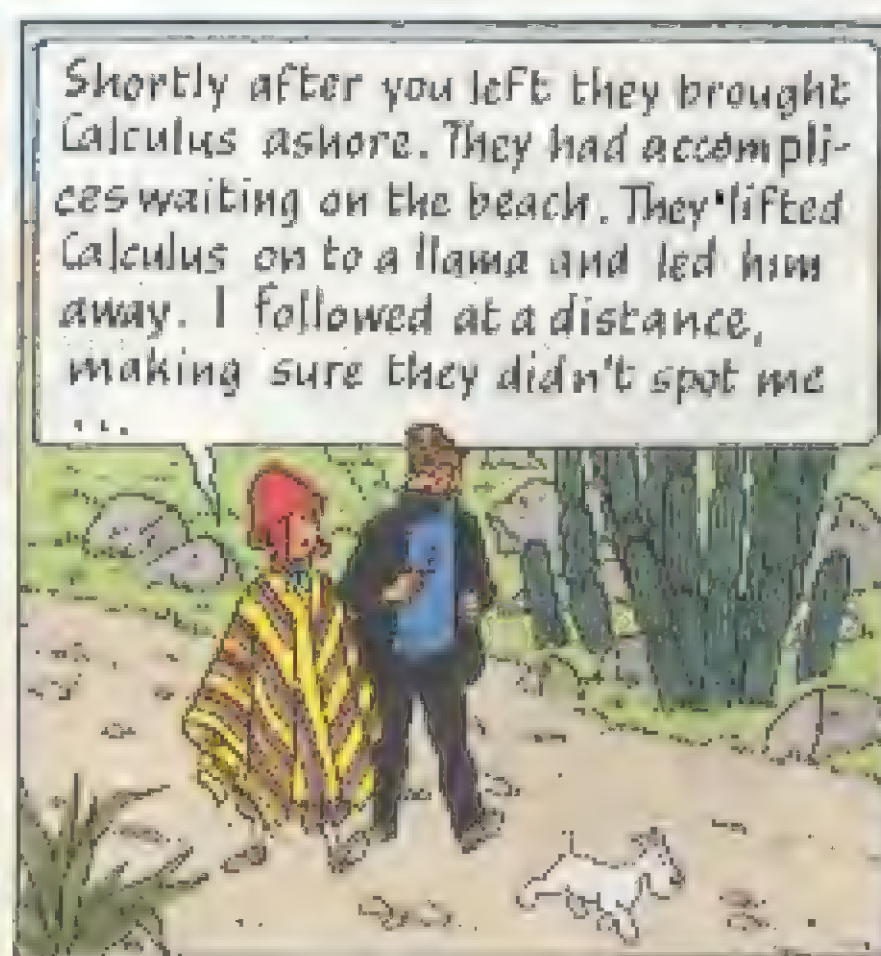
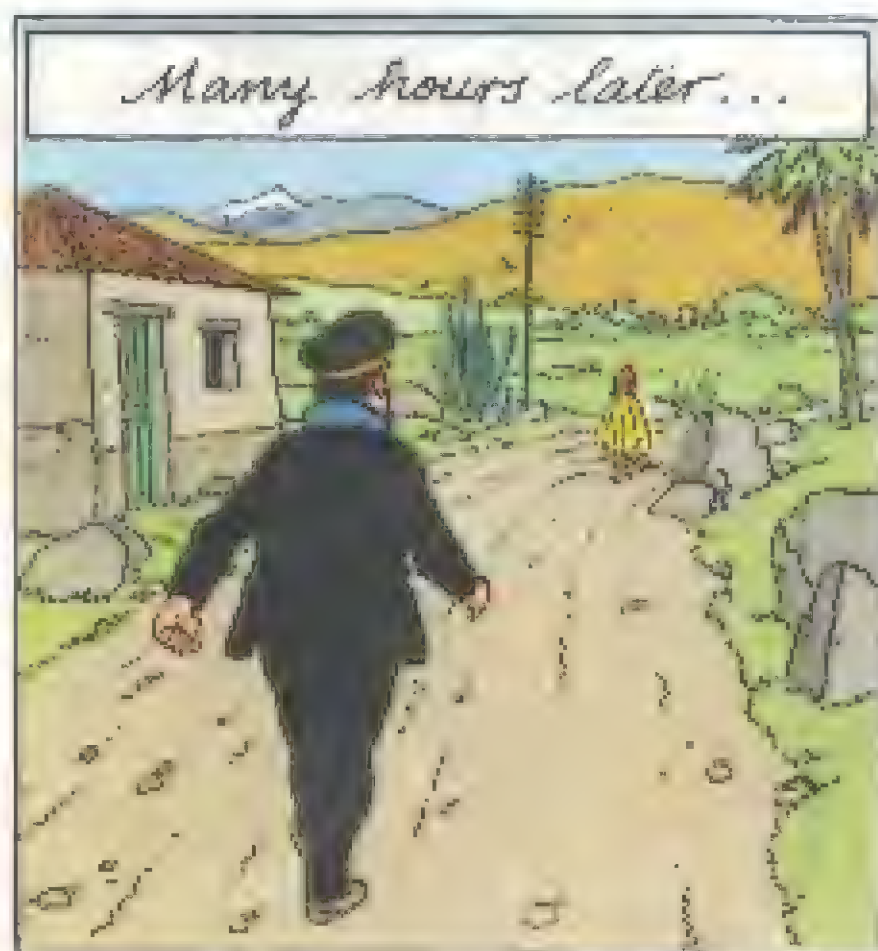
There's our boat... I left Tintin here... But where is he?





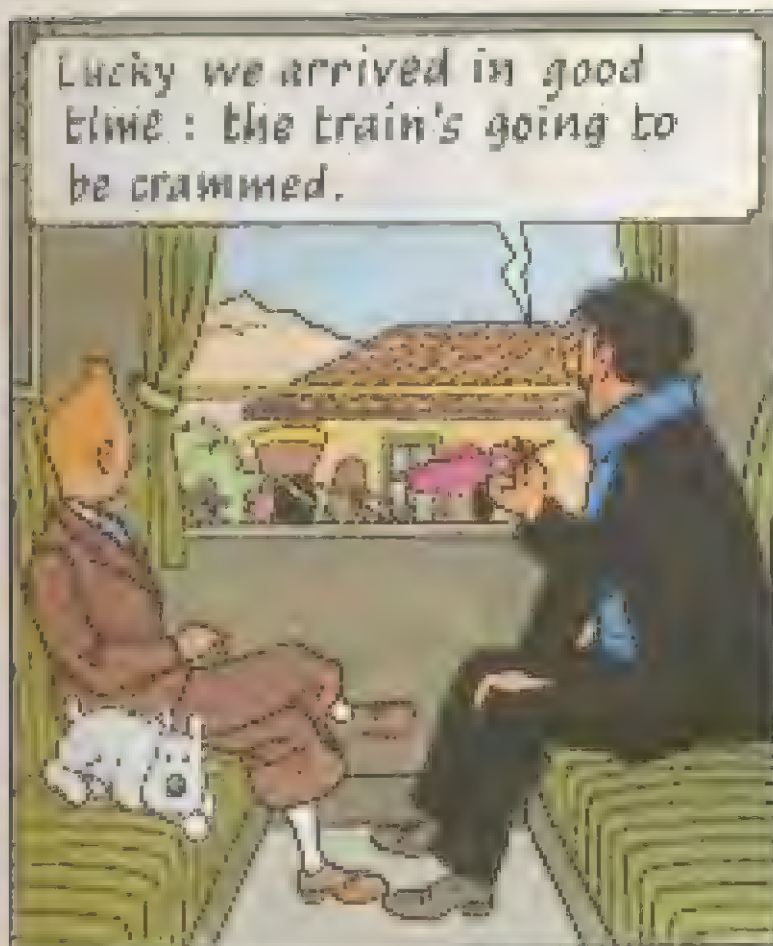








Lucky we arrived in good time: the train's going to be crammed.

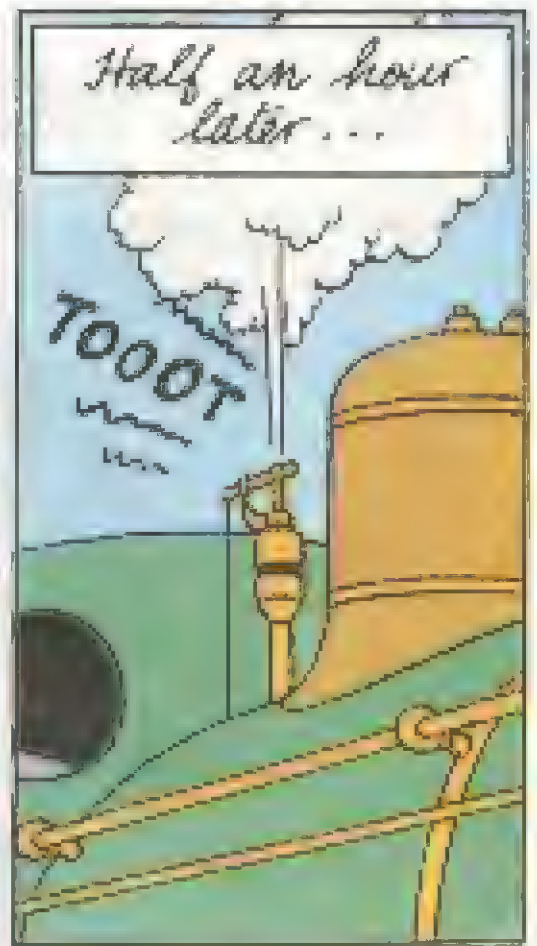


No, no - it is impossible... You ask too much... I cannot...

It is his order - and you know what happens to those who disobey him...



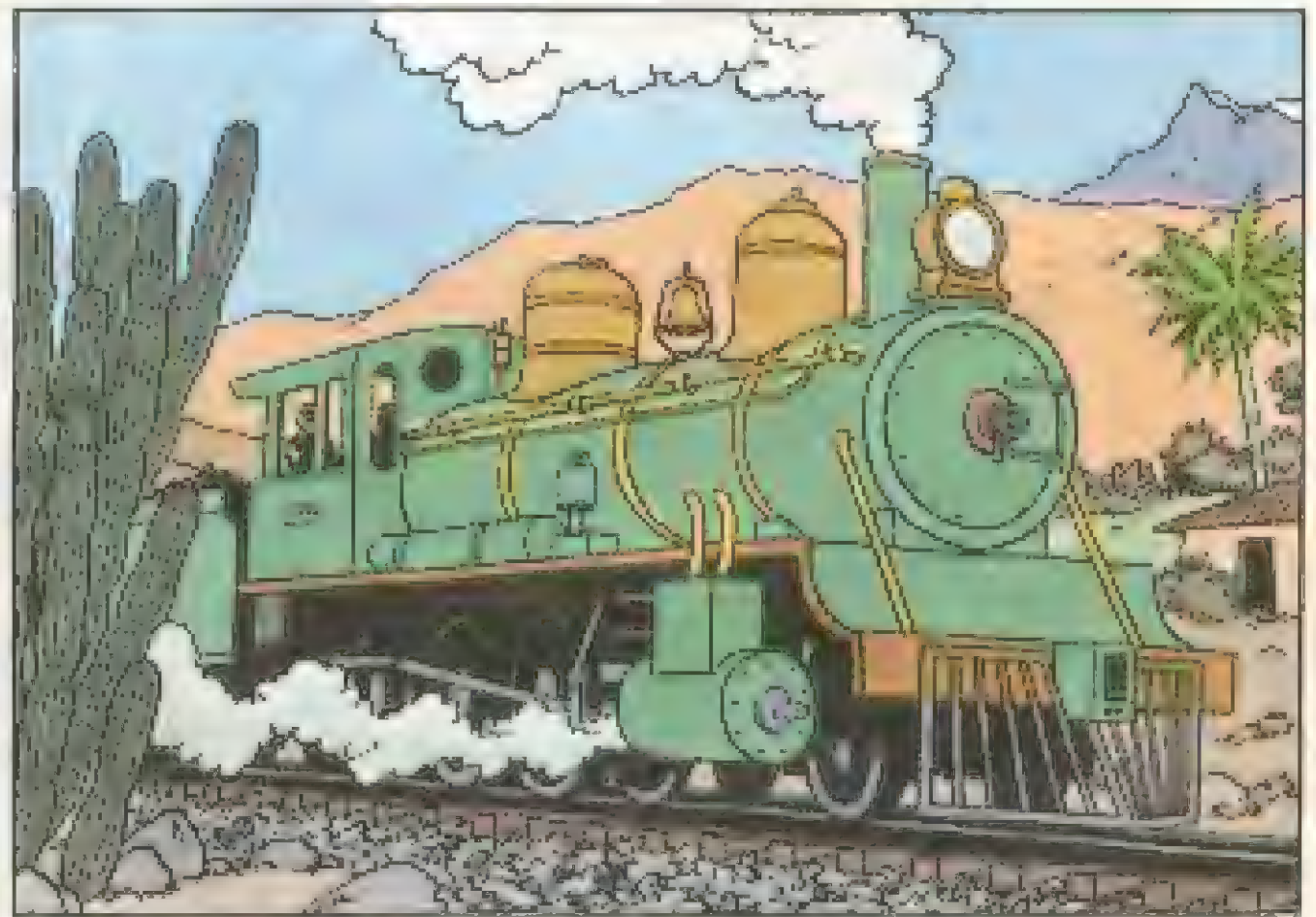
Half an hour later...



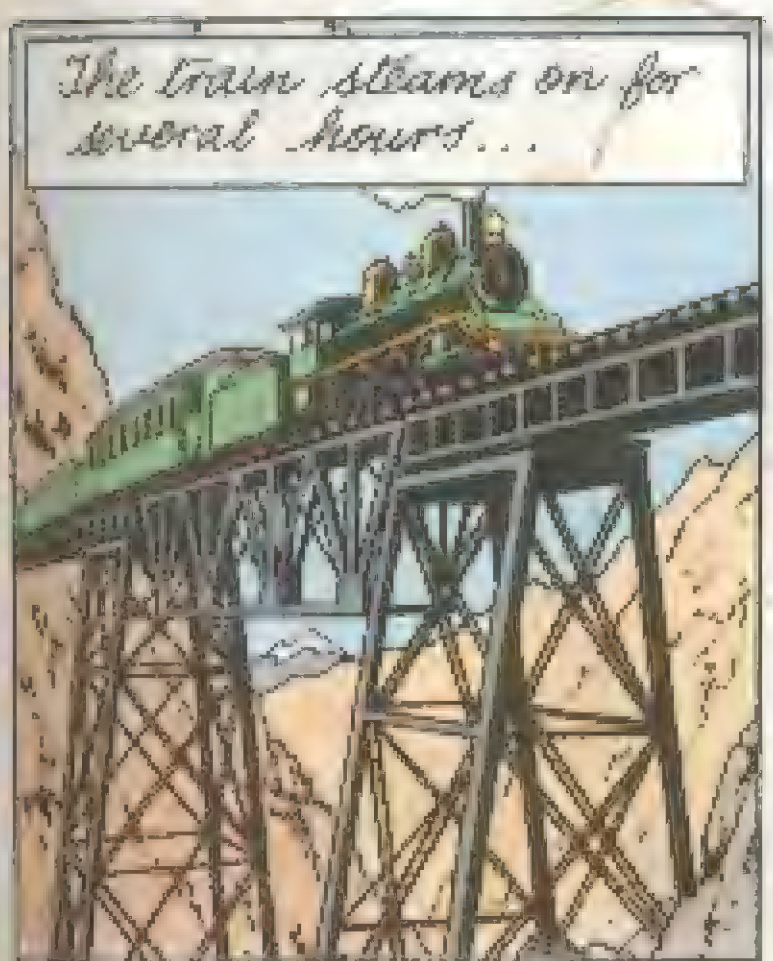
We're off... How odd: all that crowd of passengers, but not a soul has got into our compartment.



Have a good trip, señores!



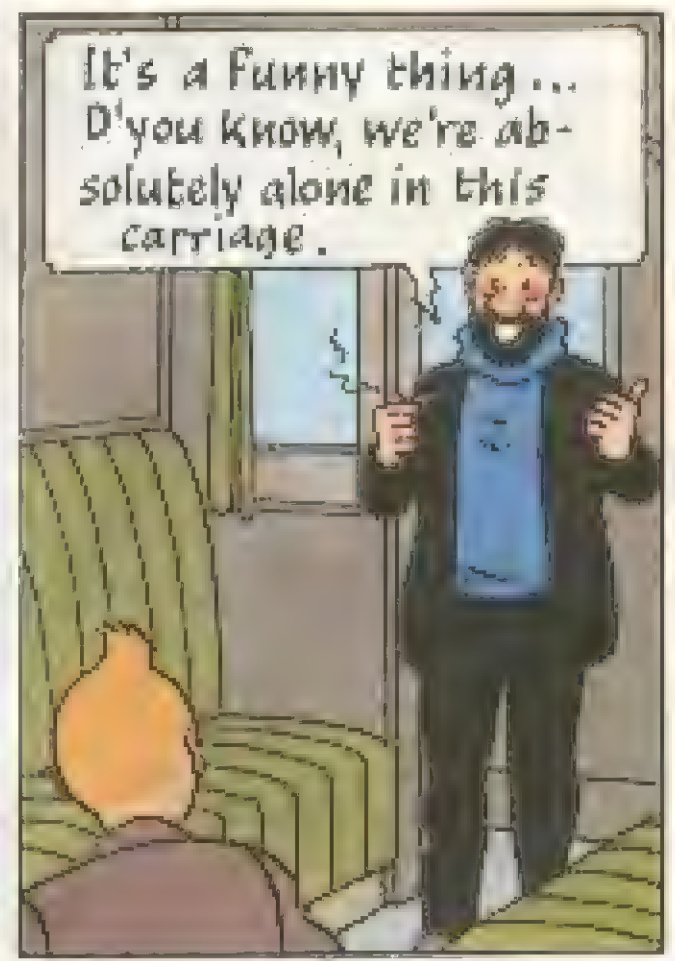
The train steams on for several hours...



Excuse me: I'll be back in a minute.

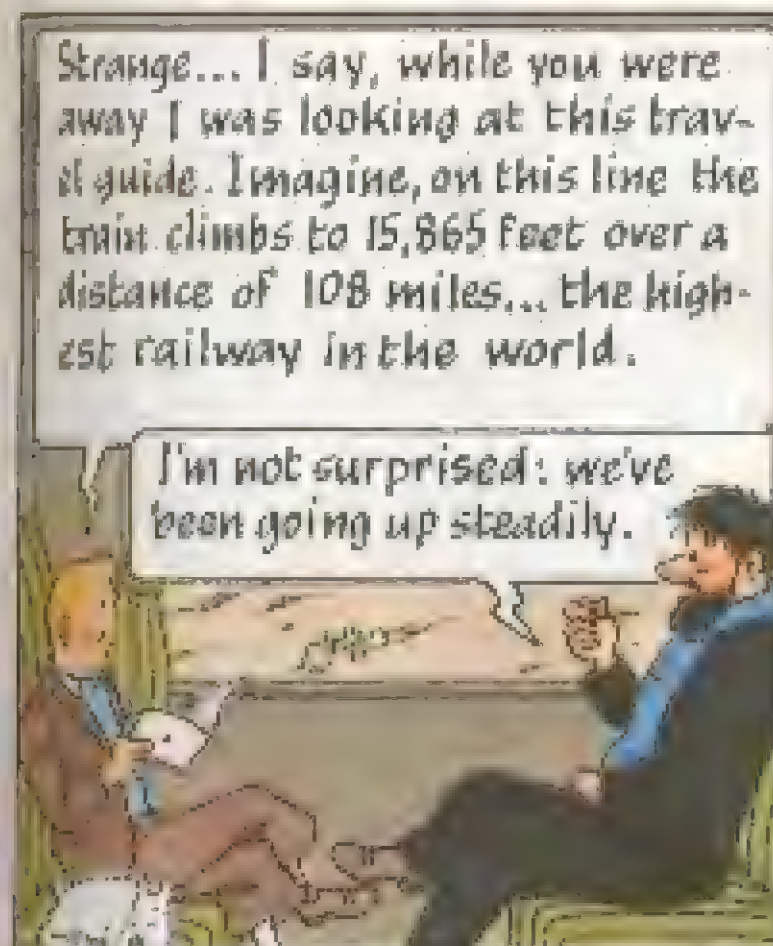


It's a funny thing... D'you know, we're absolutely alone in this carriage.

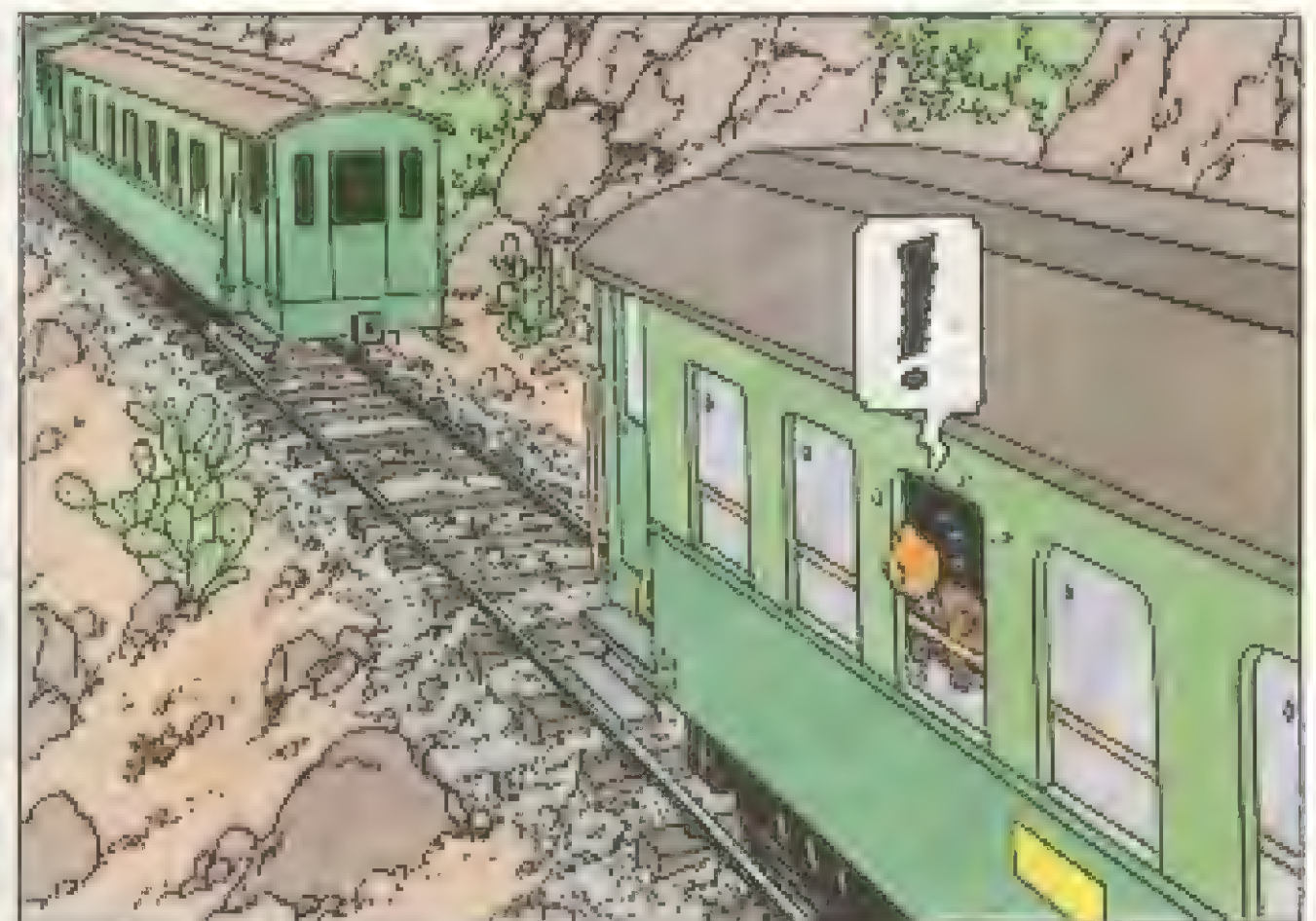


Strange... I say, while you were away I was looking at this travel guide. Imagine, on this line the train climbs to 15,865 feet over a distance of 108 miles... the highest railway in the world.

I'm not surprised: we've been going up steadily.



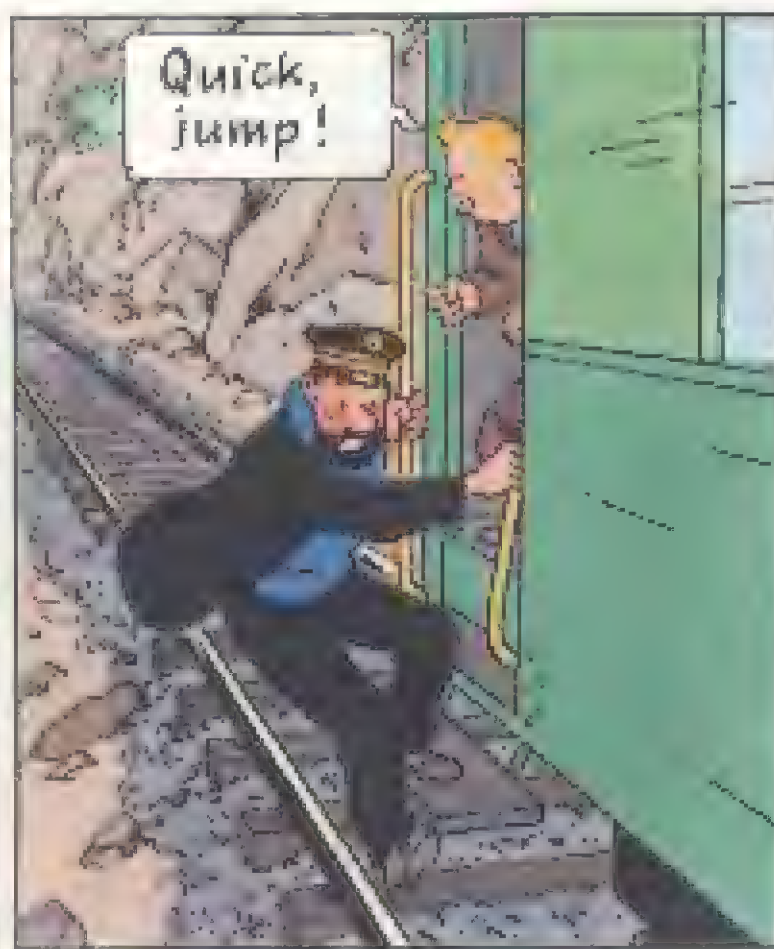
Hello, we're slowing down... I expect we're coming to a station.







Captain, get out, quick! The coupling has broken and our coach is running away!



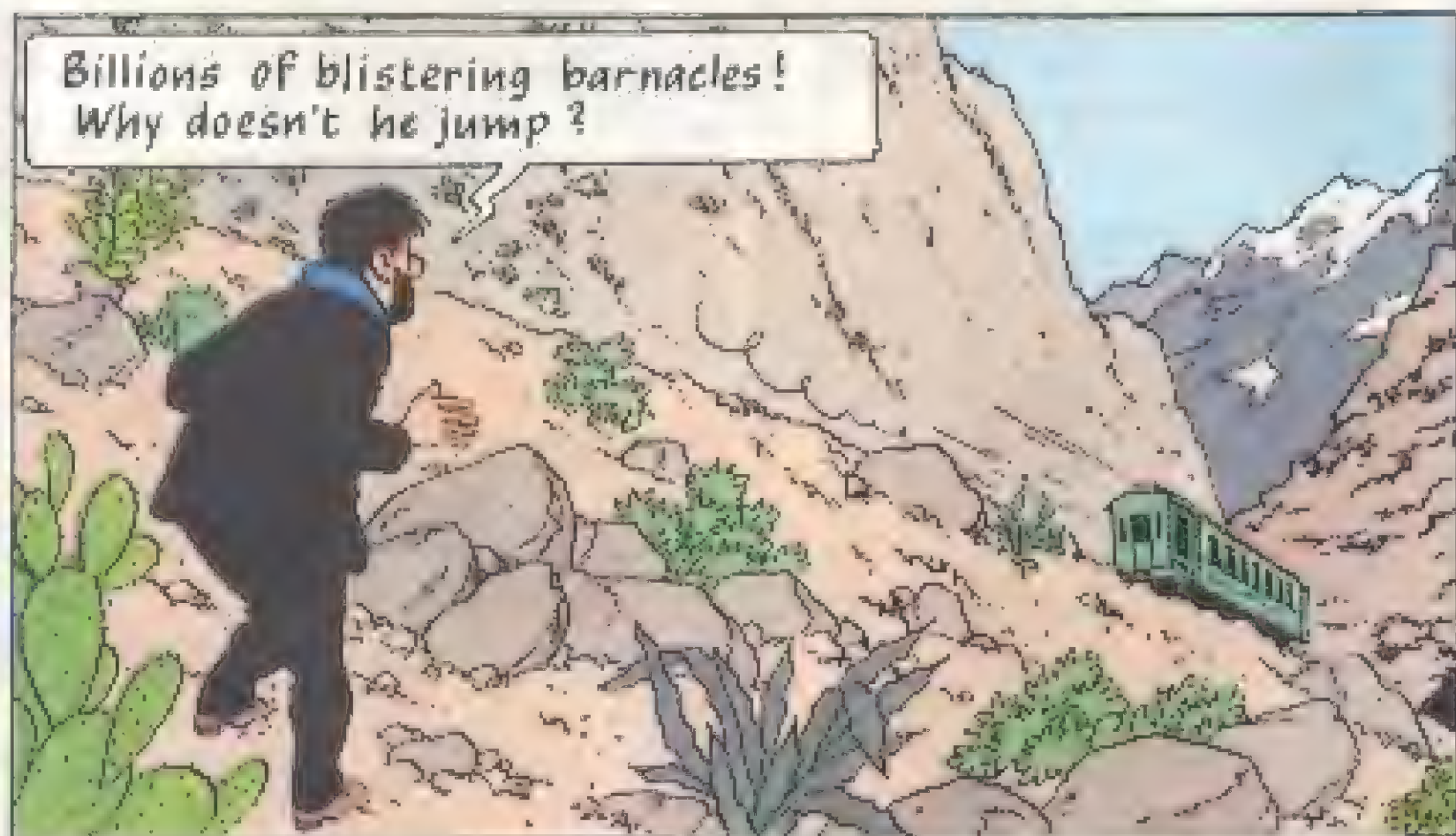
Quick, jump!



My turn ... Now for it!



Great snakes! I've forgotten...



Billions of blistering barnacles! Why doesn't he jump?



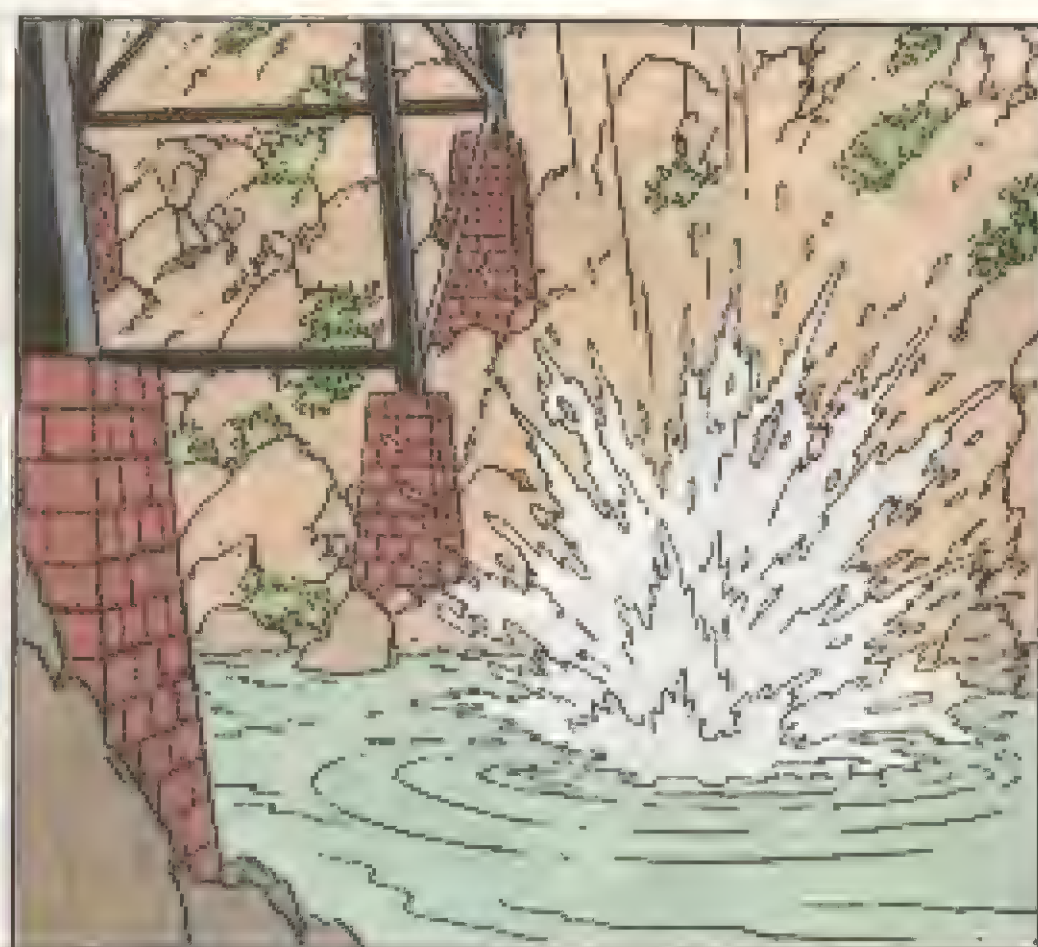
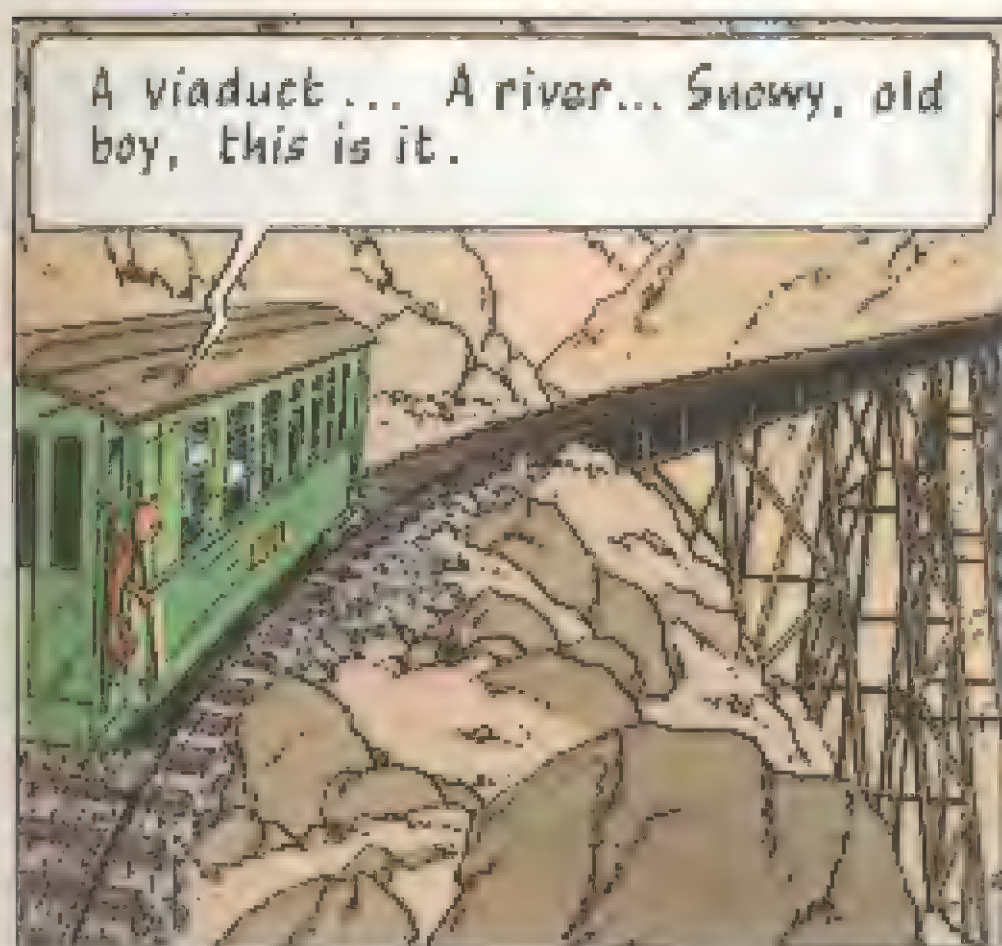
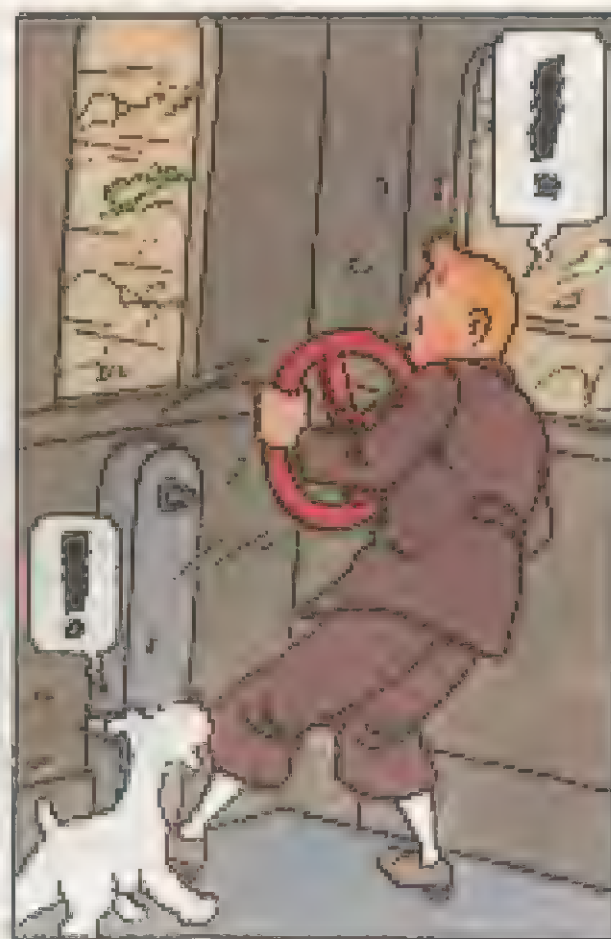
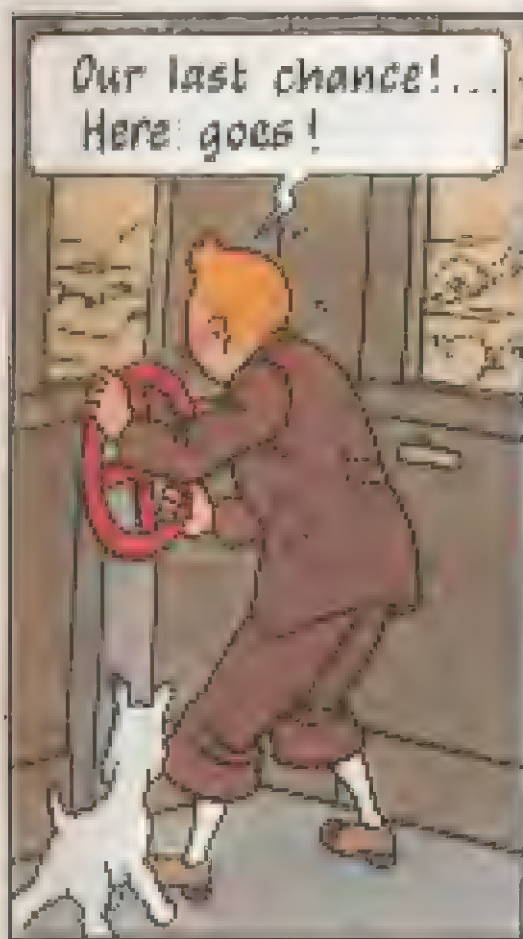
Crumbs! A tunnel! Snowy! Snowy!

Oww!

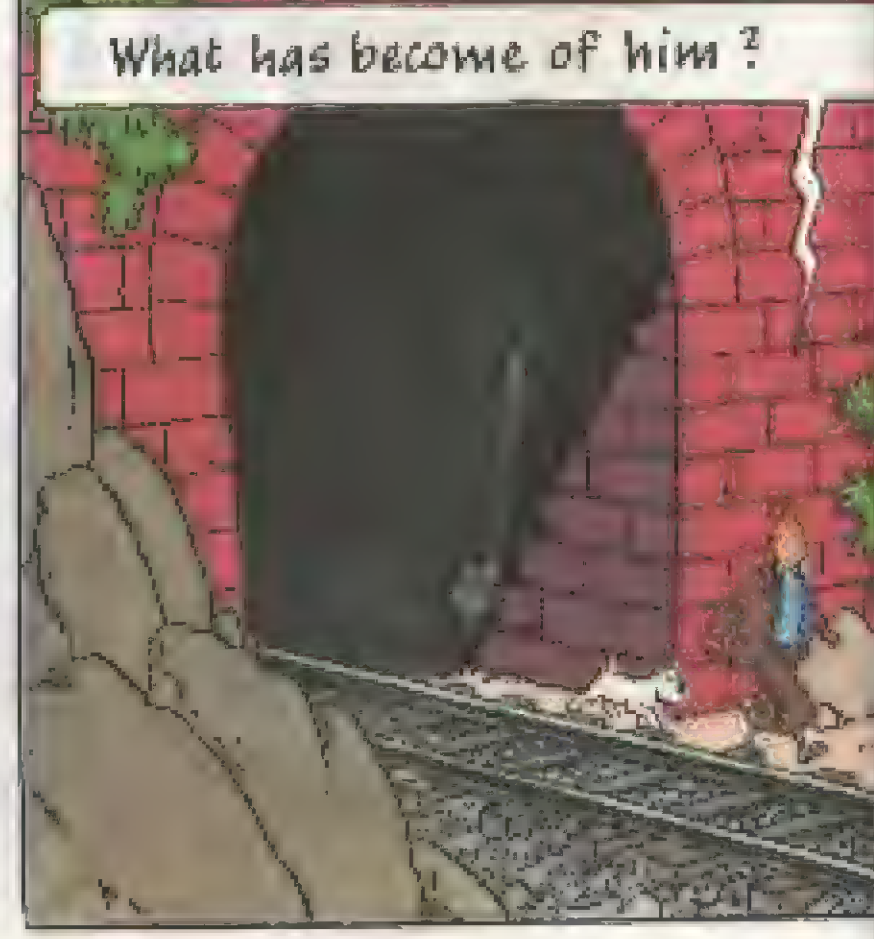
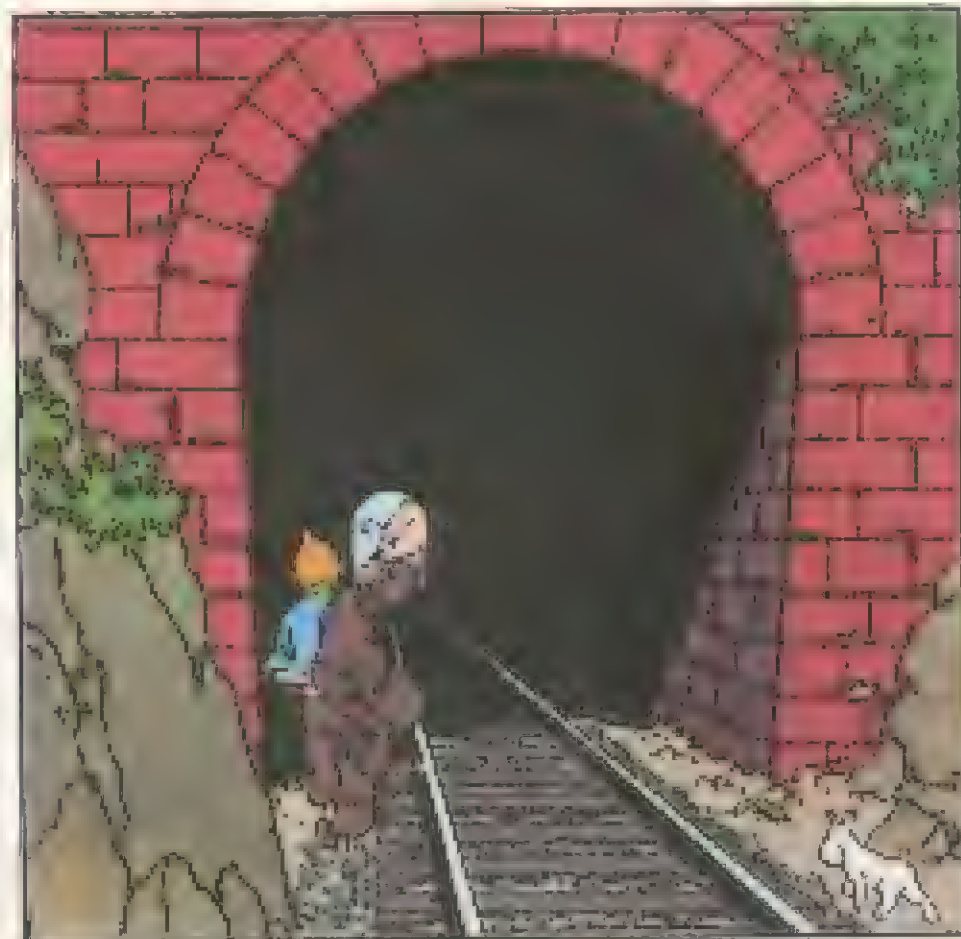
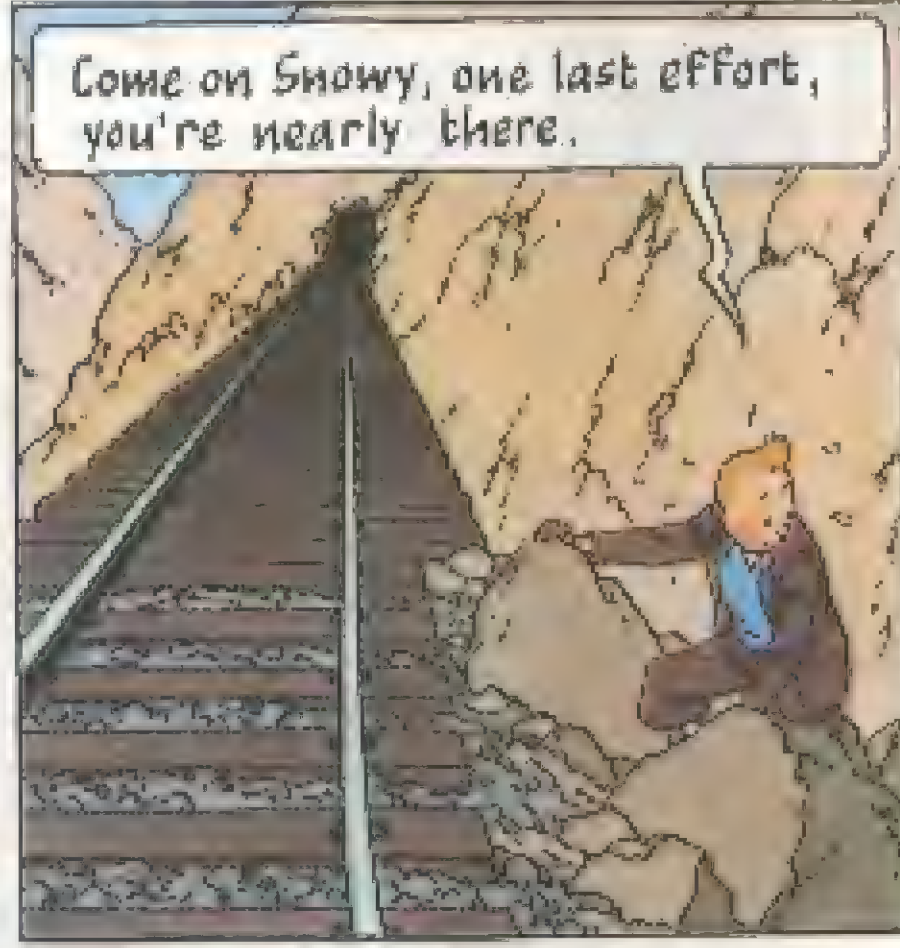
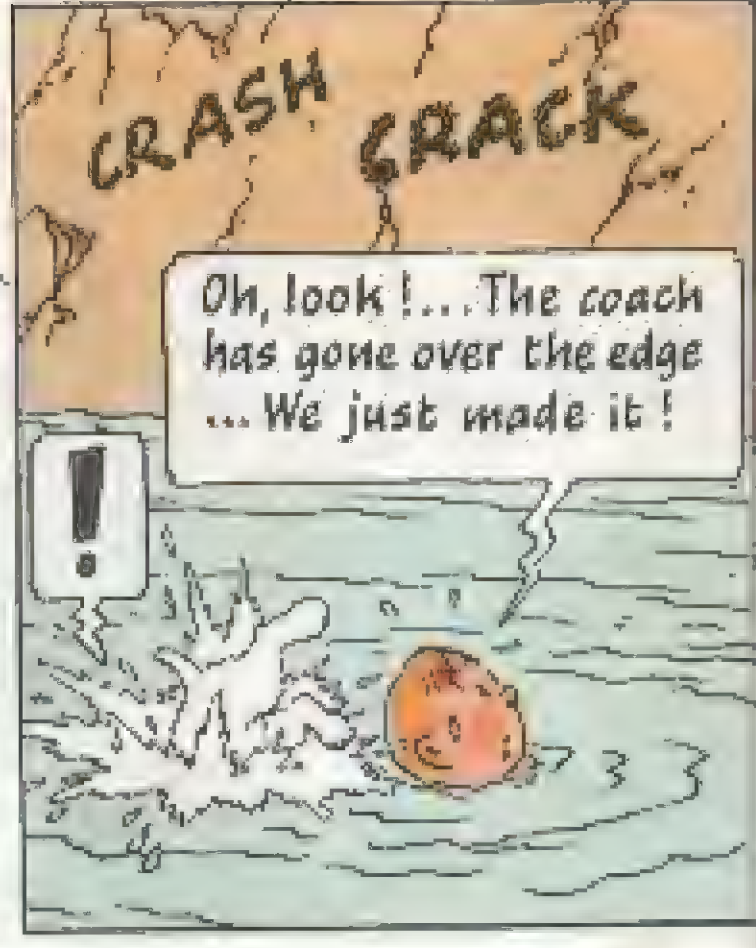


Snowy! ... Snowy!

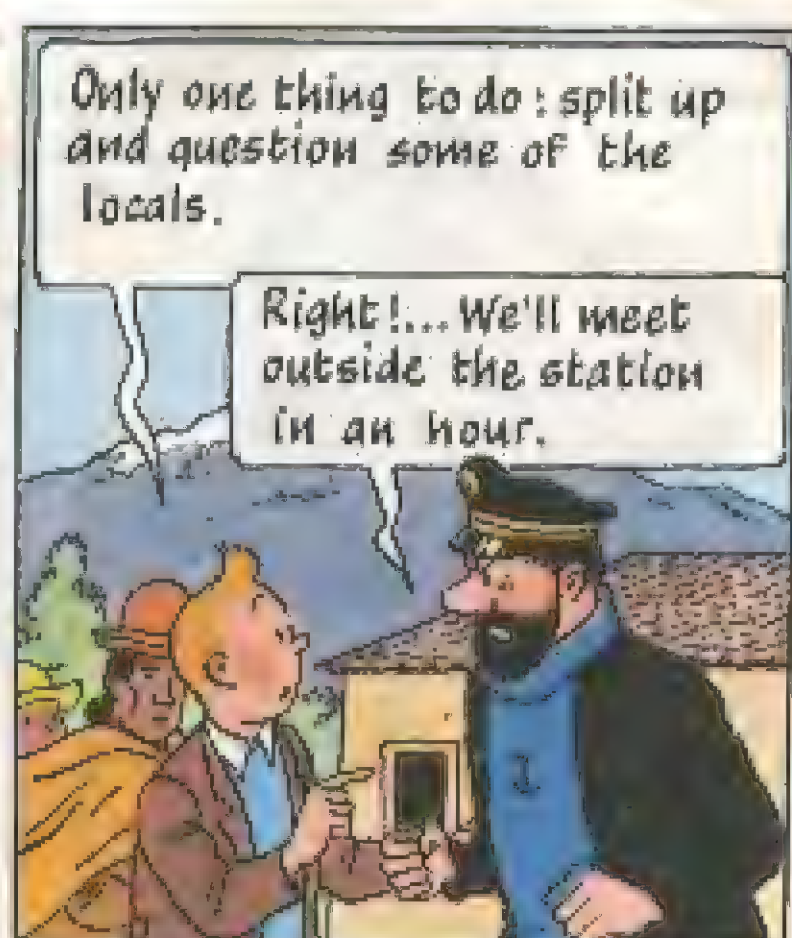
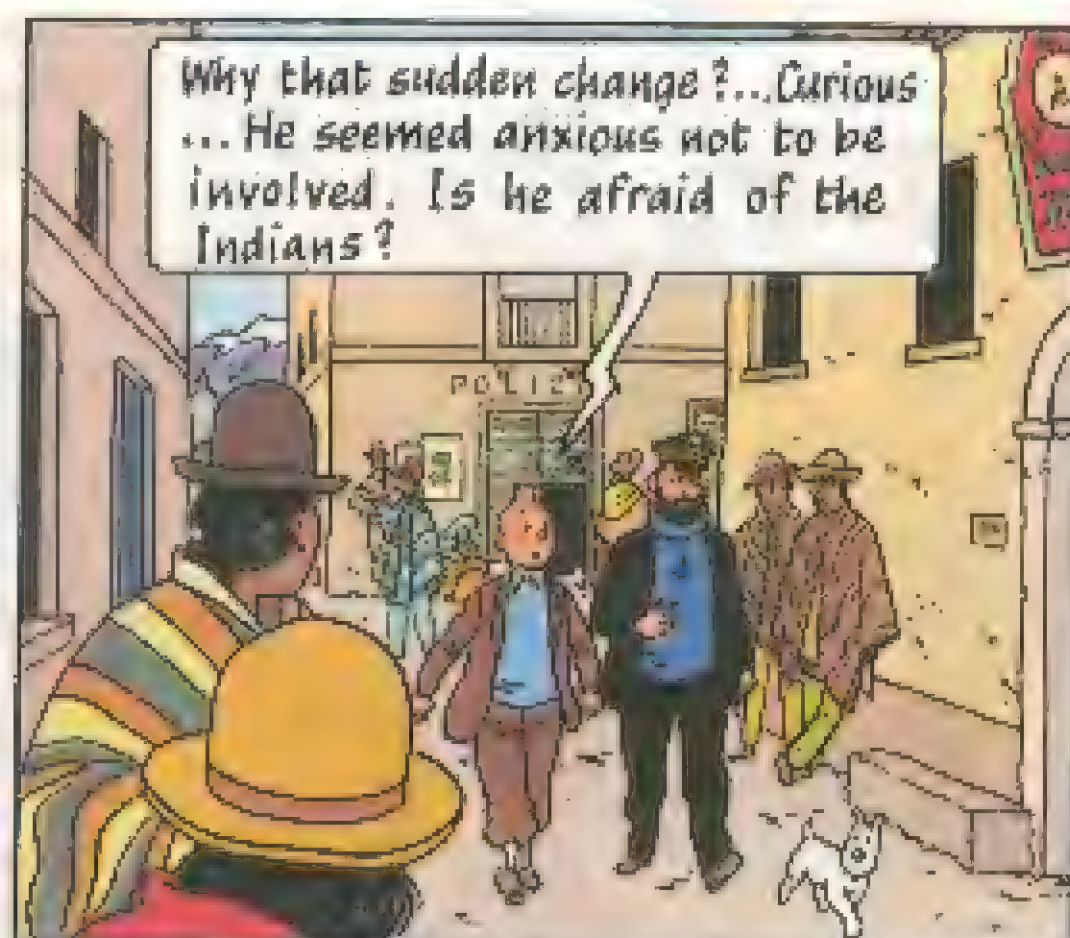
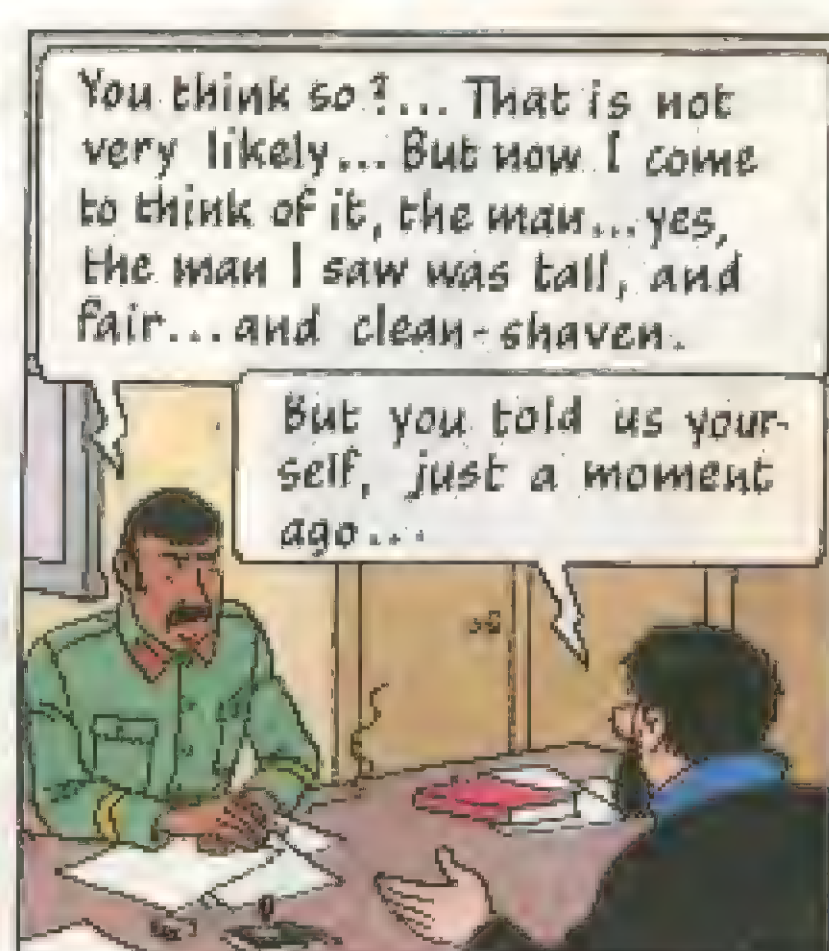
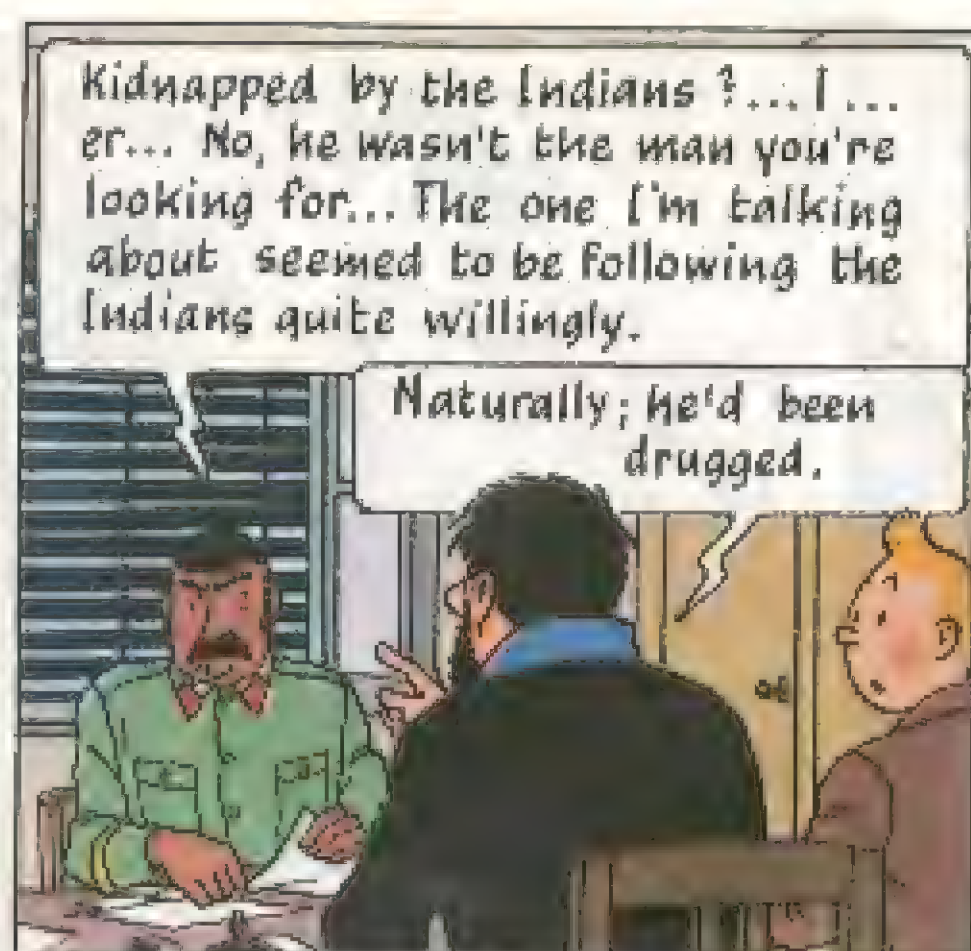
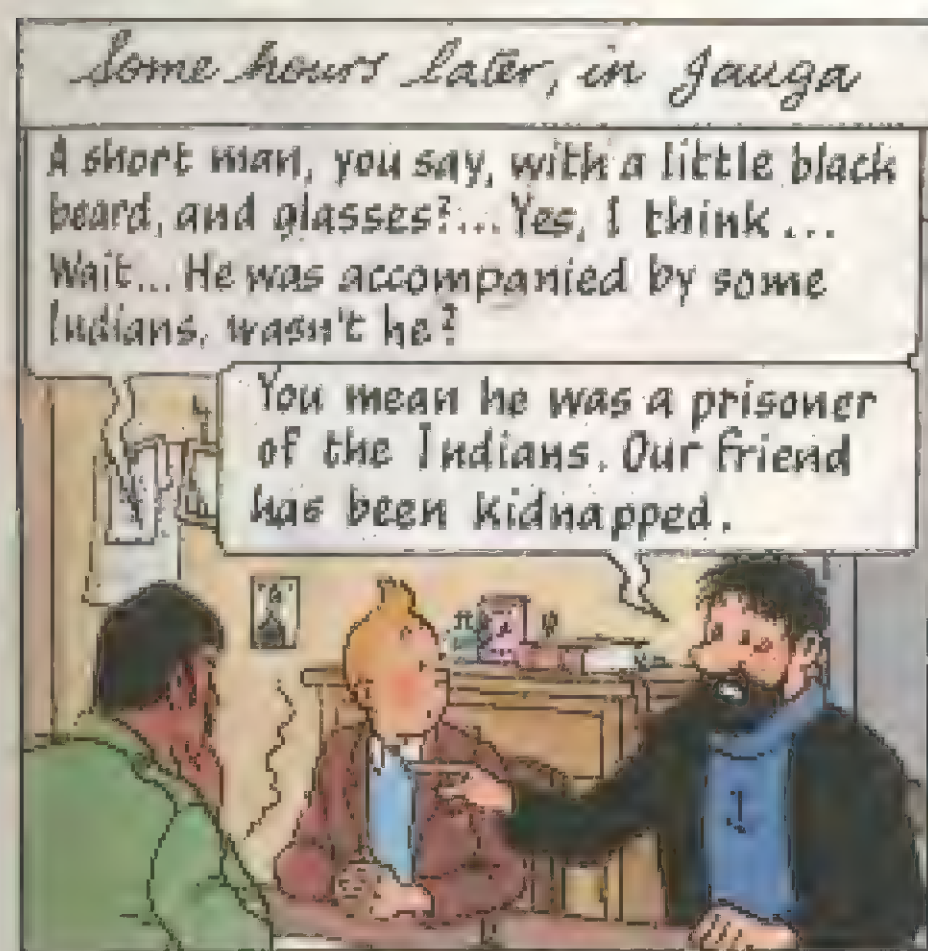
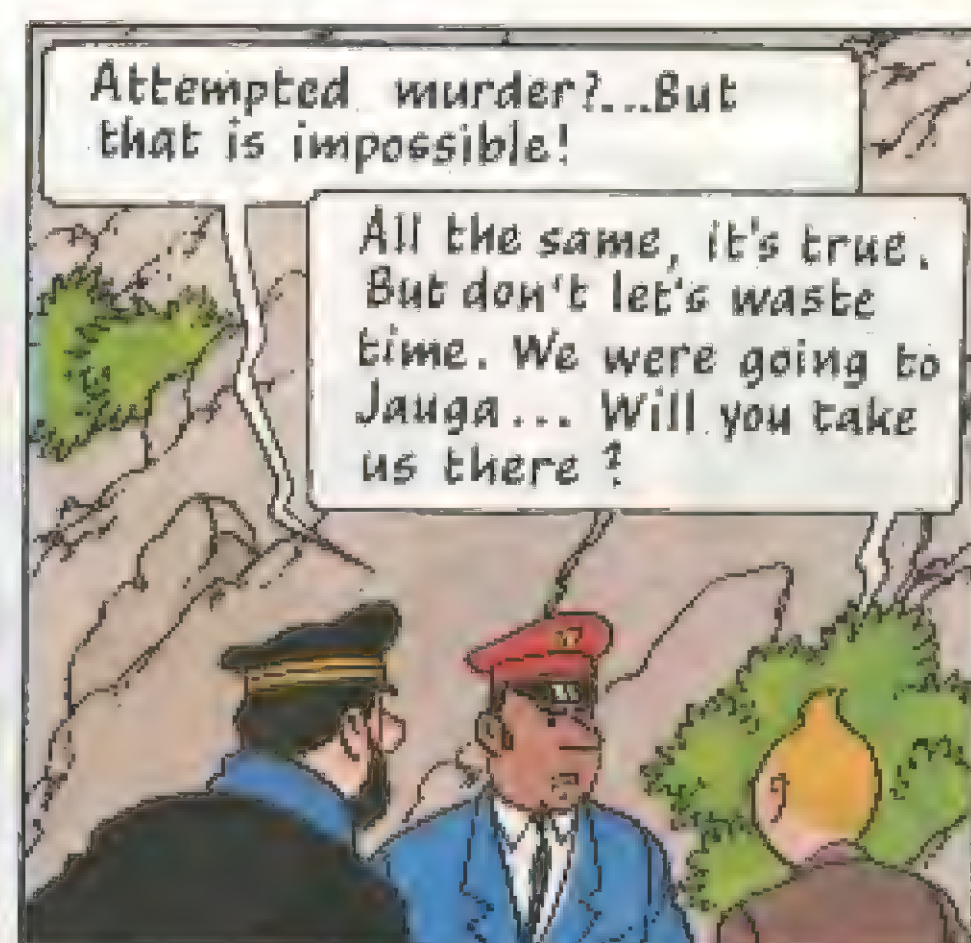
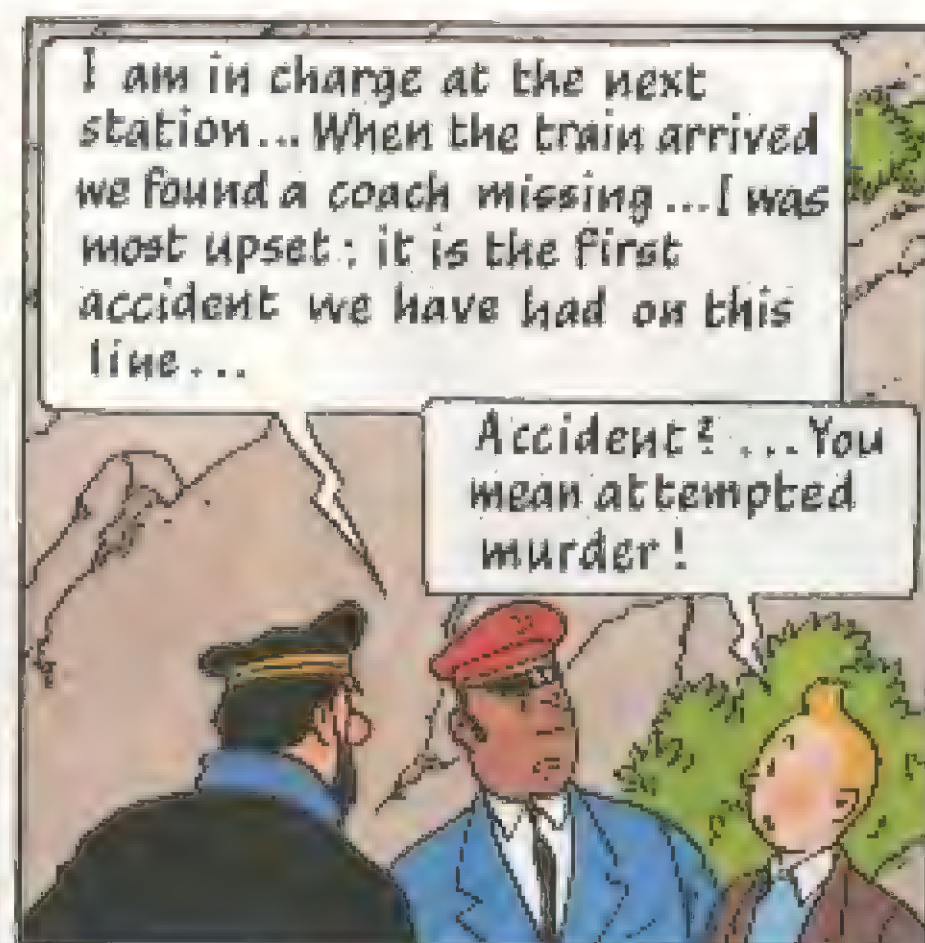
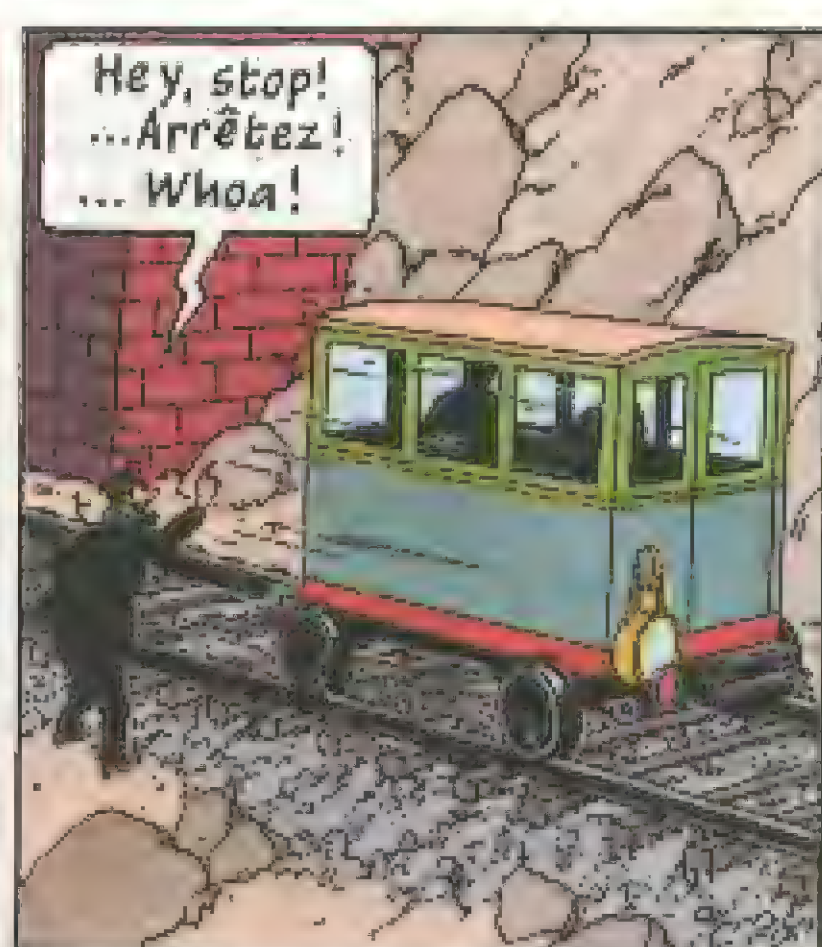




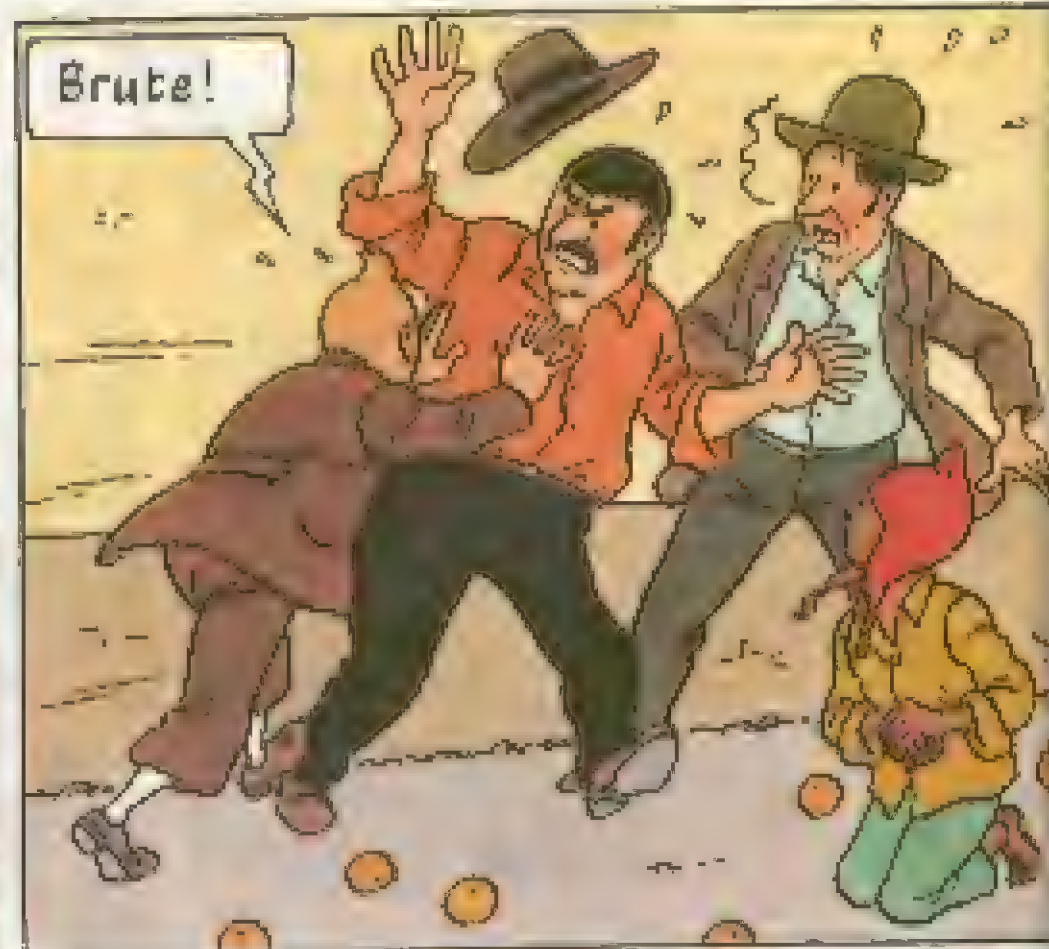
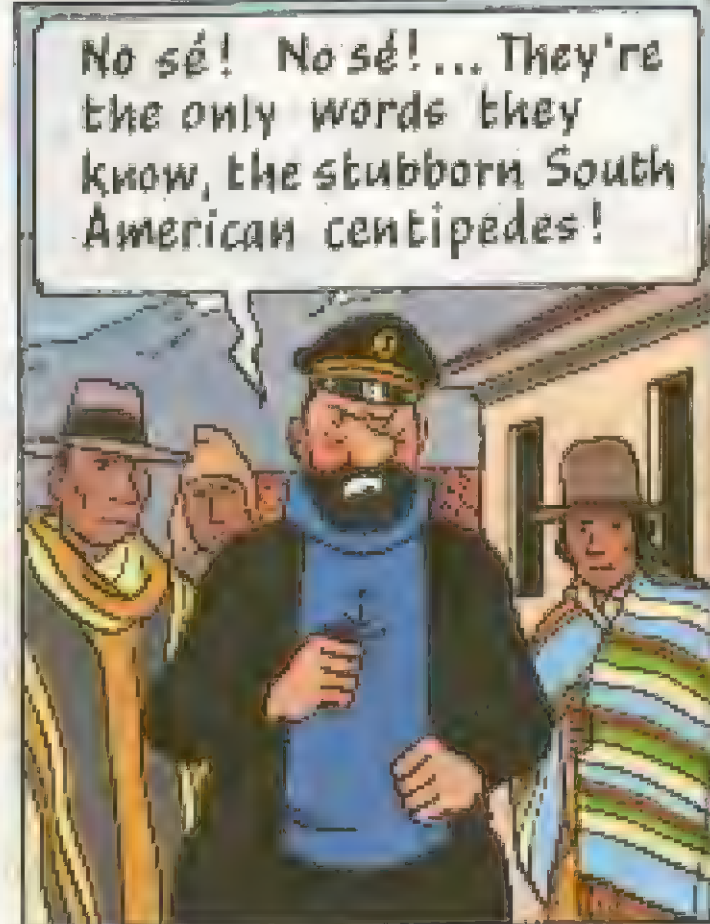




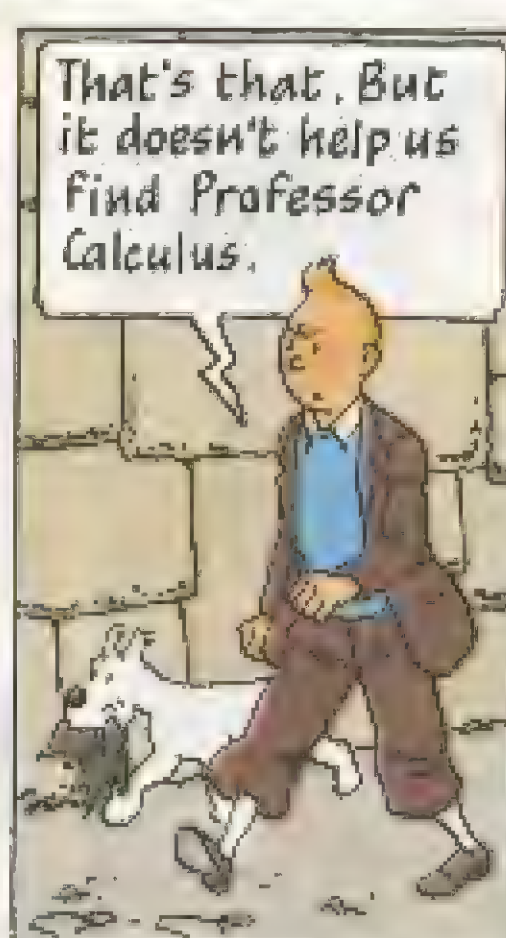




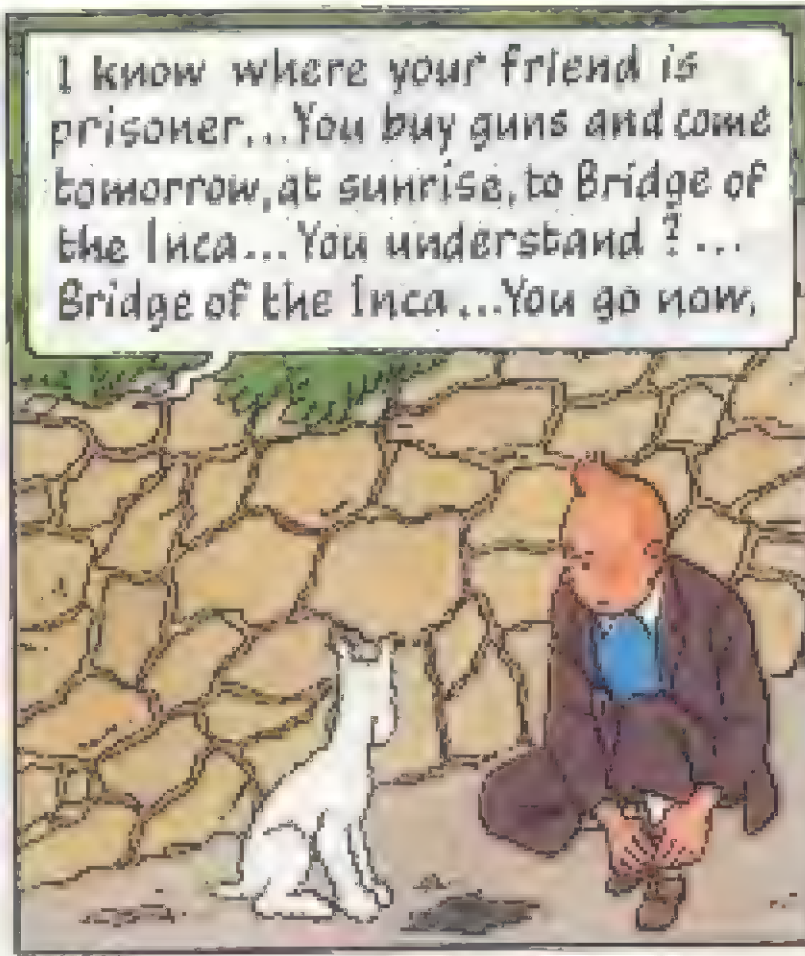








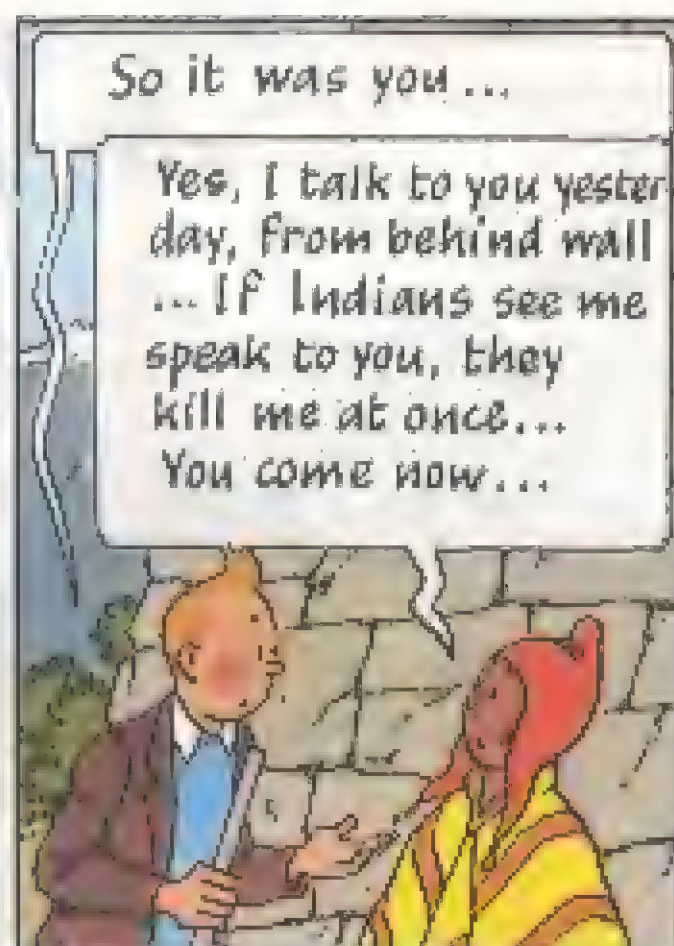








Why, it's the little orange-seller ... the one I told you about.



So it was you ...

Yes, I talk to you yesterday, from behind wall ... If Indians see me speak to you, they kill me at once ... You come now ...



You wait for me on other side of bridge ... I come back quick.



Where's he off to?

I don't know. He told us to wait.



Thundering typhoons! Llamas!

To carry supplies, señores ... Journey very long!



This is too much! ... If you think I'm travelling around with this pair of perambulating fire-pumps, you're very much mistaken!

Llamas very gentle, señor. You not be afraid.



Afraid?... Me?... Afraid of these moth-eaten imitation camels?... I've only got to look them straight in the eye and they'll be eating out of my hand!



Like that ... there!



YEEEEOW!

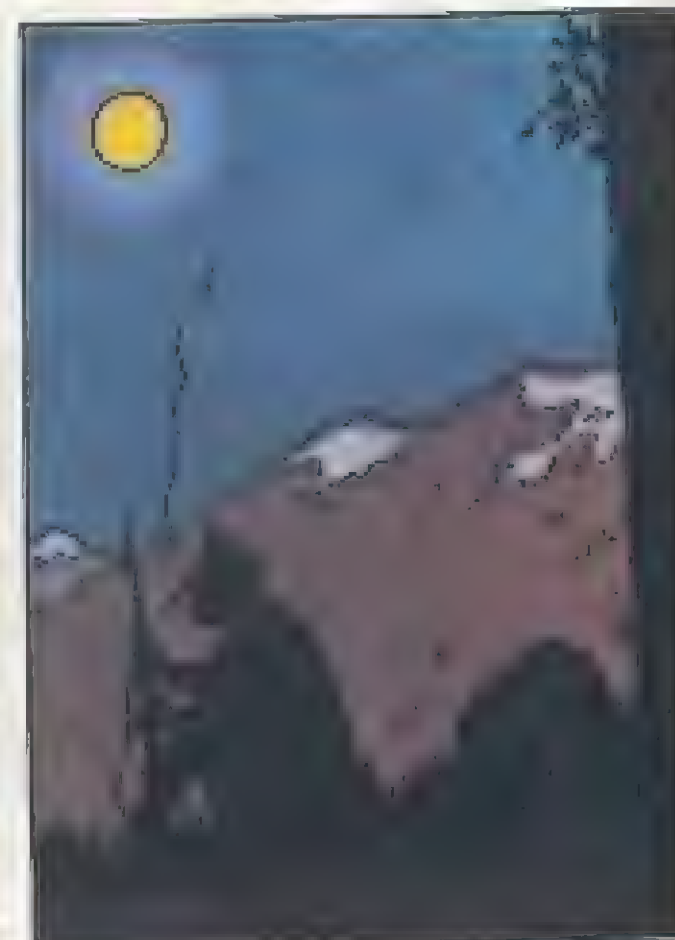
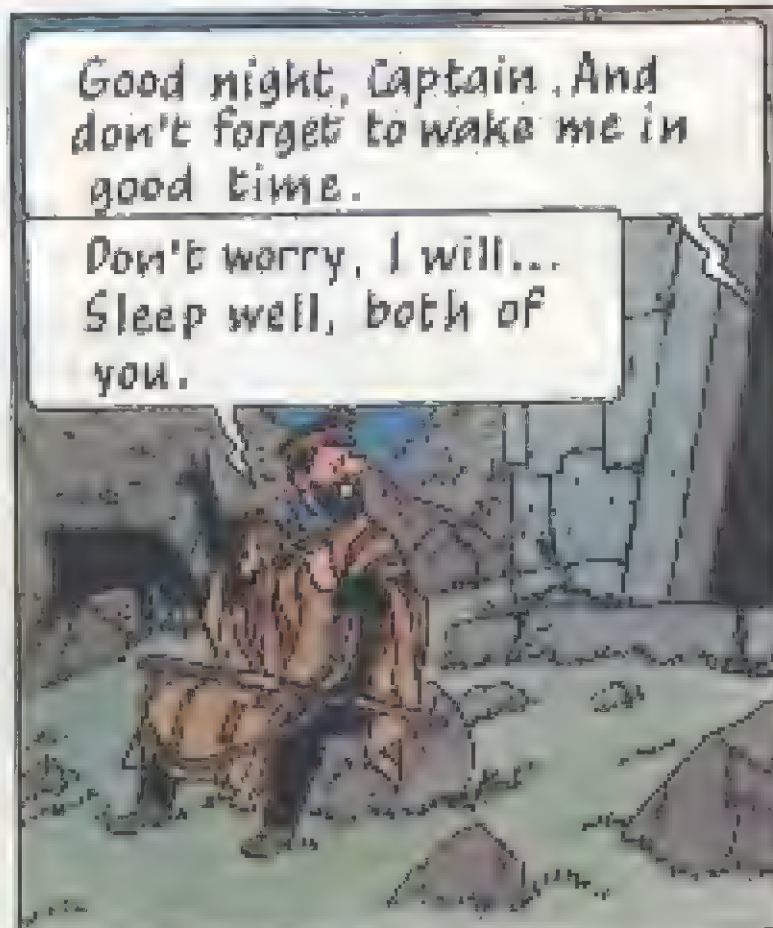
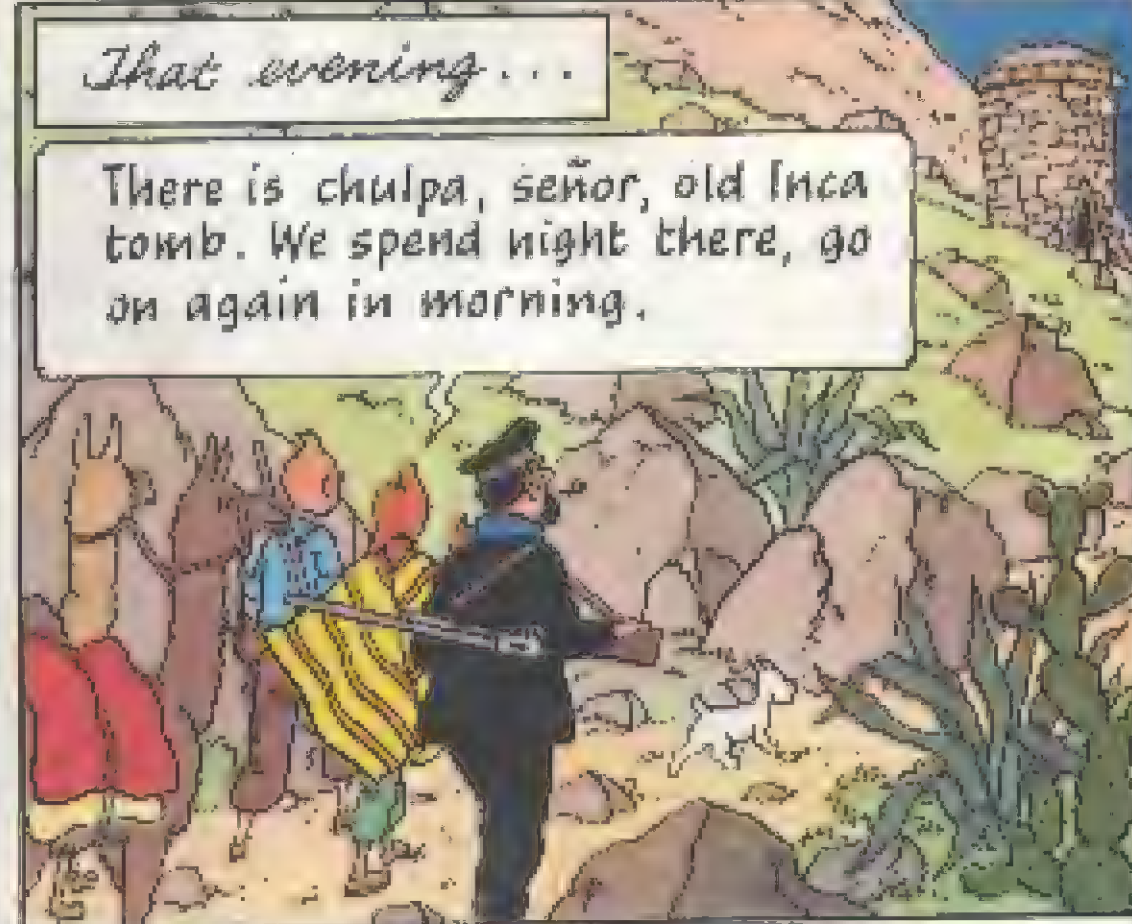
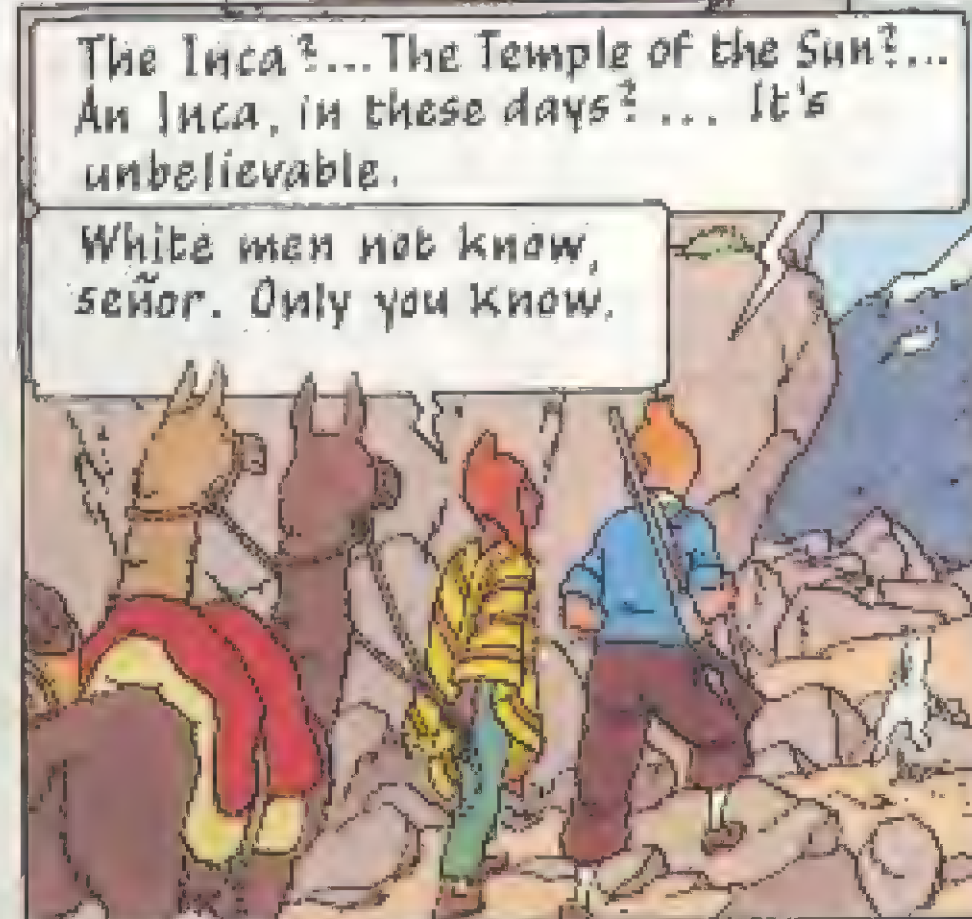
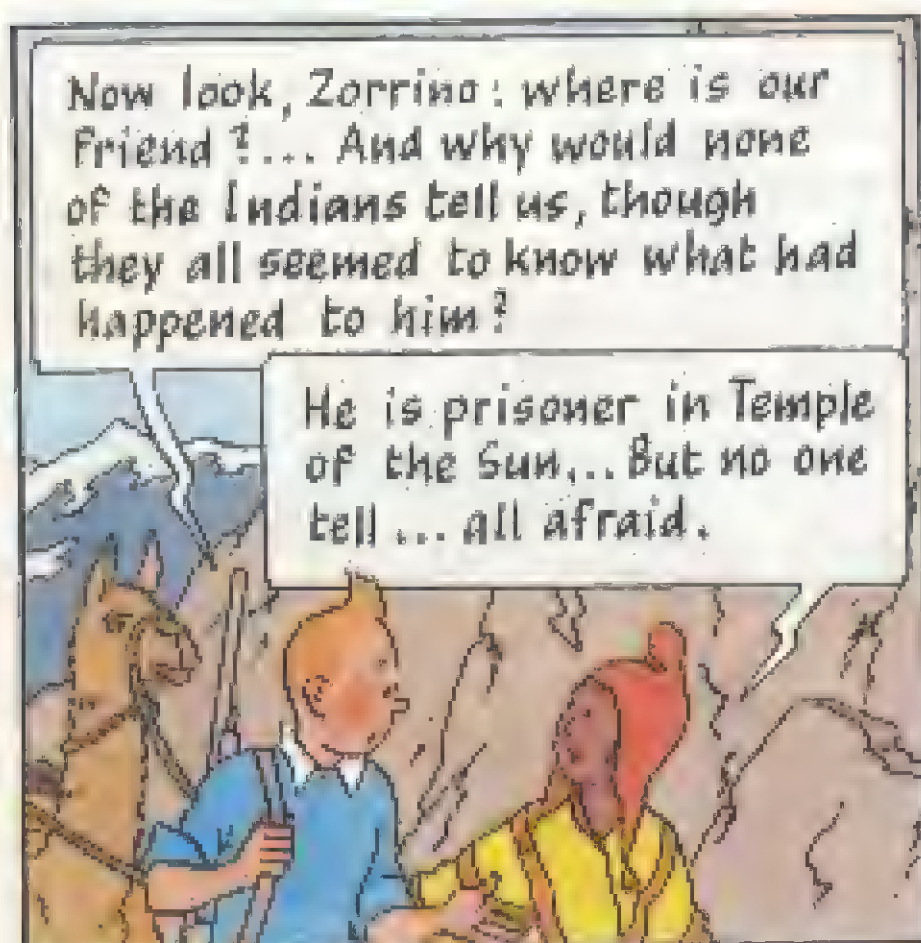


You miserable iconoclast!

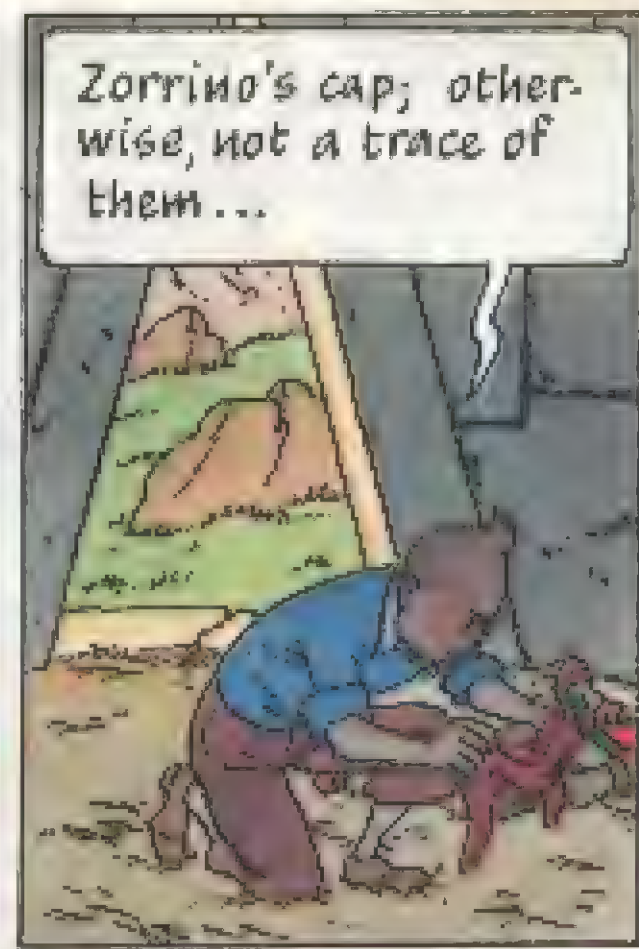
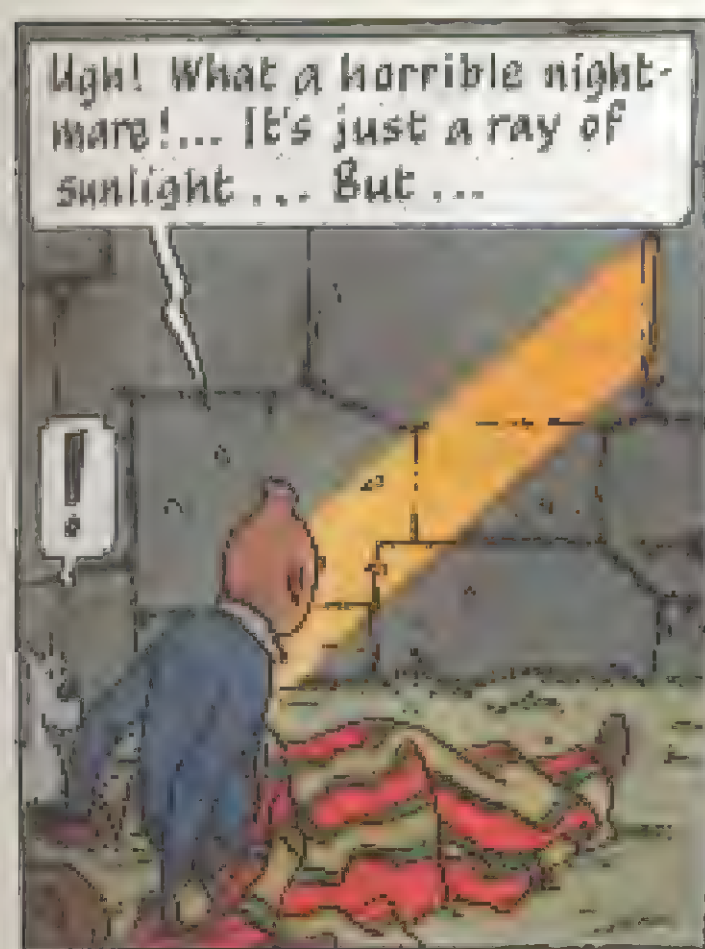
You not hit him, señor.



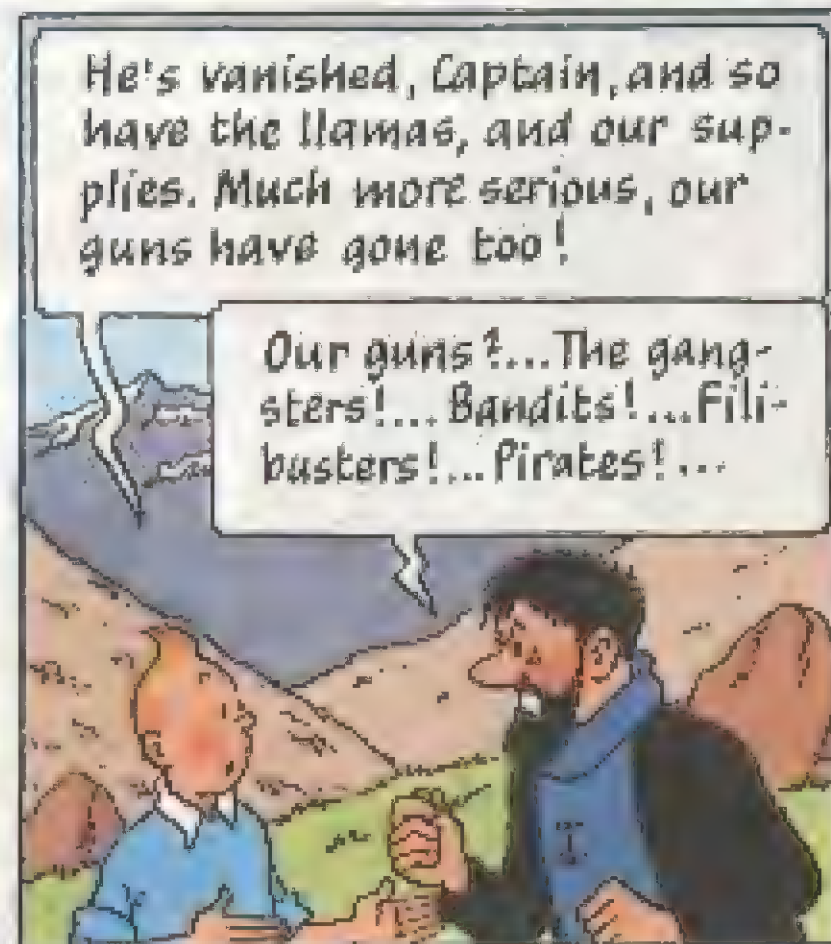
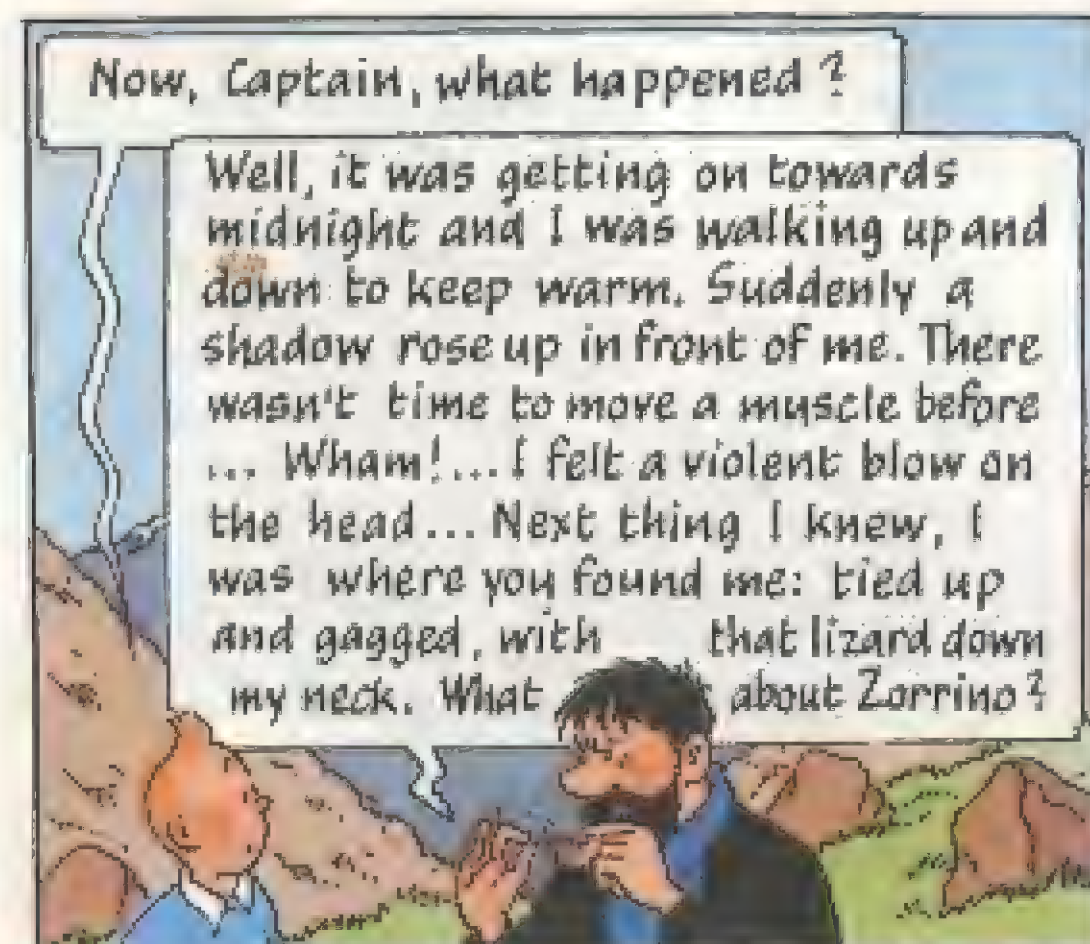




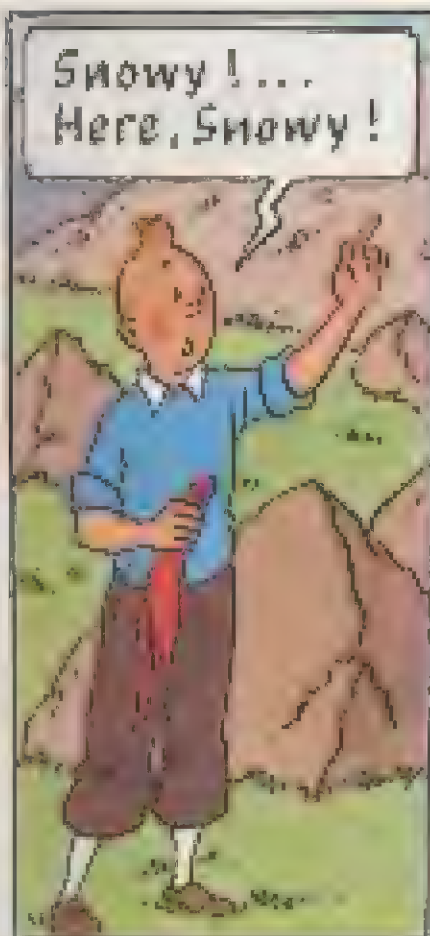












Snowy! ...  
Here, Snowy!



It's up to you now, Snowy  
... We've got to find Zorrino.  
Look, here's his cap...  
Go on! ... Seek him!



WOOAH!  
WOOAH!

Come on! ... After him!



Hey, not so fast,  
you mountain  
goat, you!



Two hours later...

Stop! There  
they are!



The path doubles back down  
there... They'll pass  
directly below us...



If we took a short cut  
down the cliff we could  
surprise them... Stay  
here, Snowy... Come on, Cap-  
tain!

We'll break our  
necks, that's  
a certainty!



Find some other way,  
Captain: this is too  
steep.



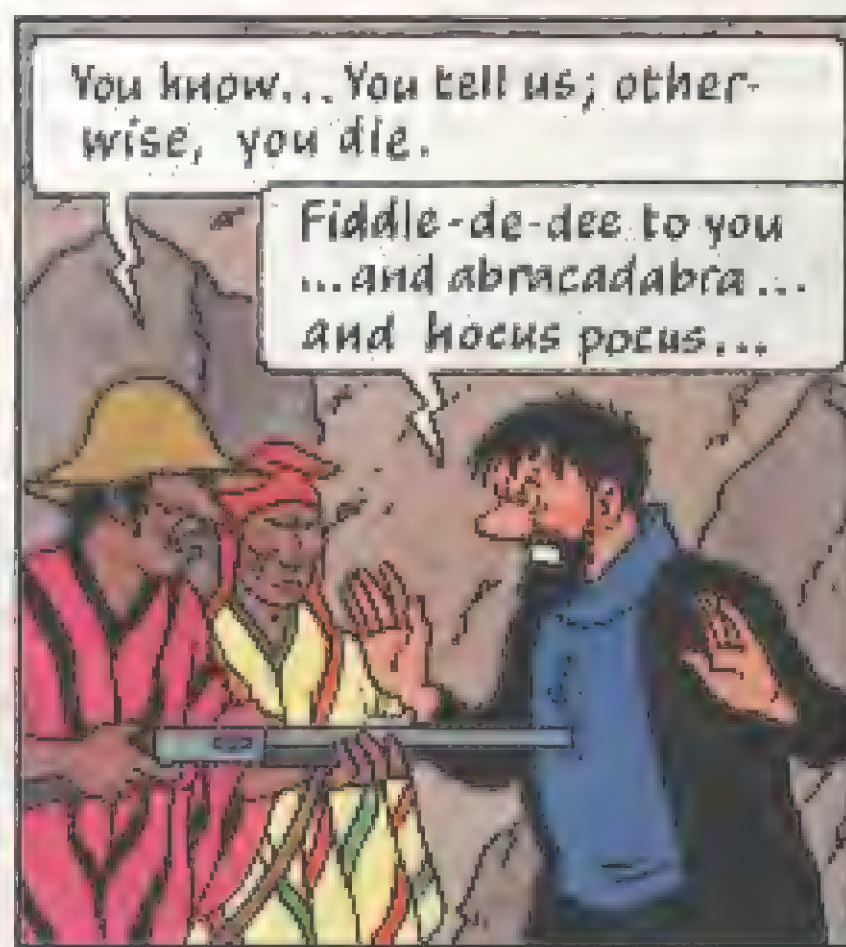
Just in time!... Here they come! ... Care-  
ful, not a sound now...



HELP!













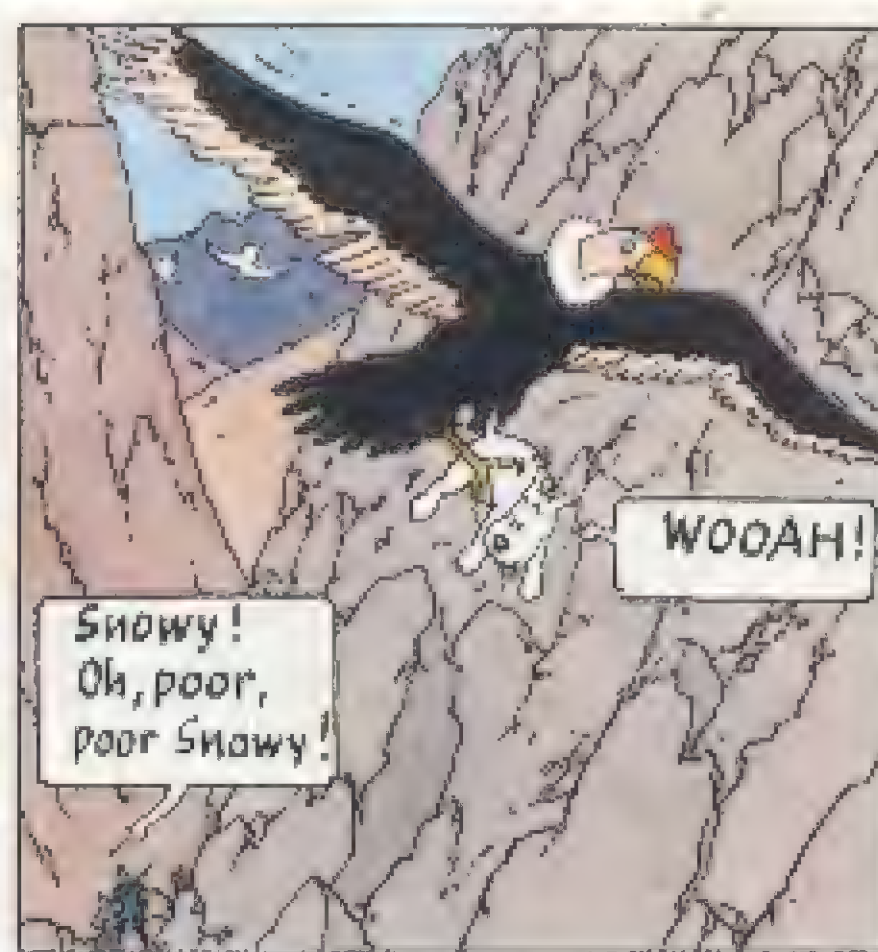


Wooaaah!



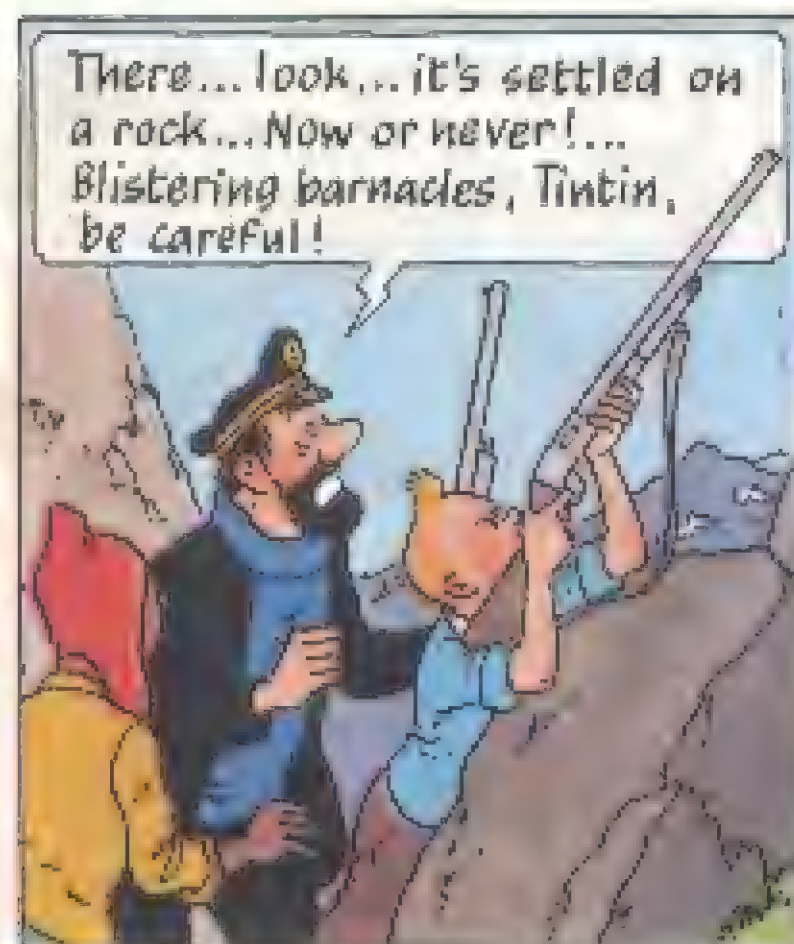
Thundering typhoons!

Heavens! What can we do?... I daren't shoot...



WOOAH!

Snowy!  
Oh, poor, poor Snowy!



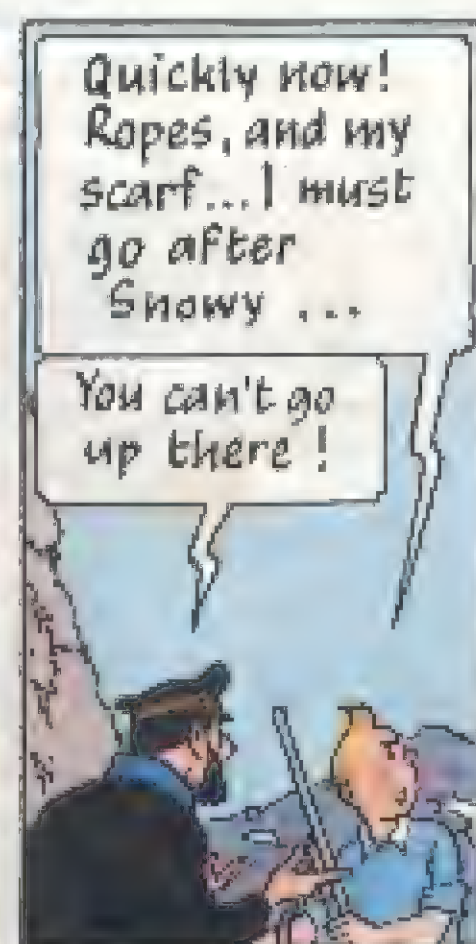
There... look... it's settled on a rock... Now or never!... Blistering barnacles, Tintin, be careful!



BANG

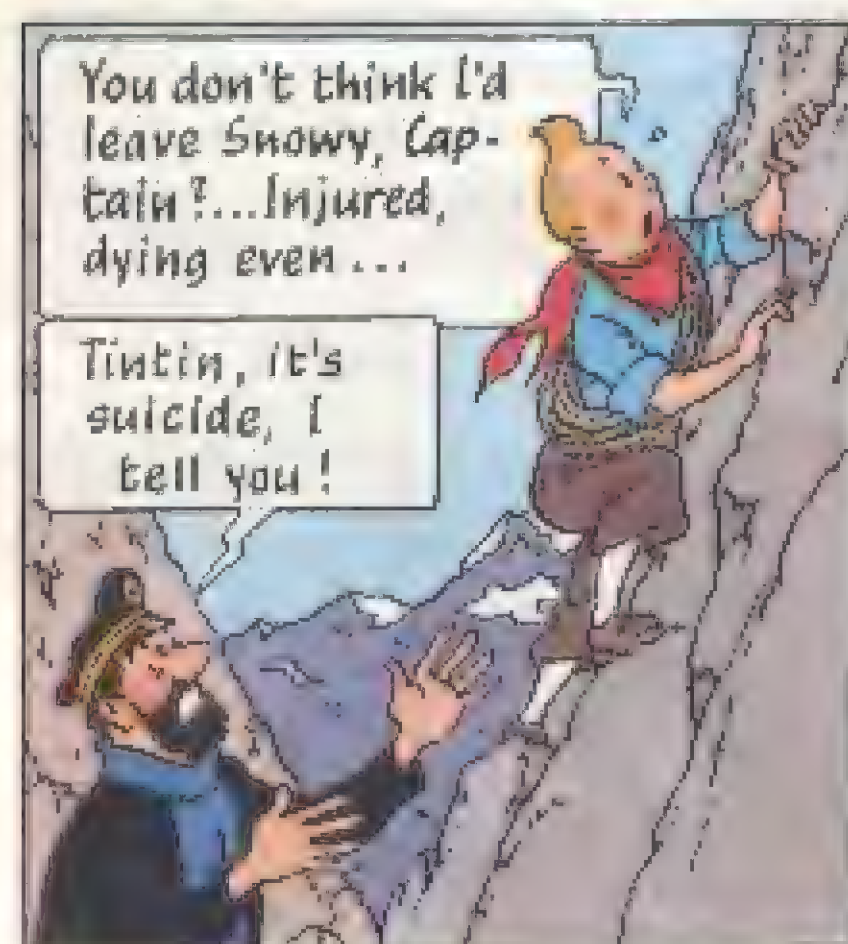


Hooray!



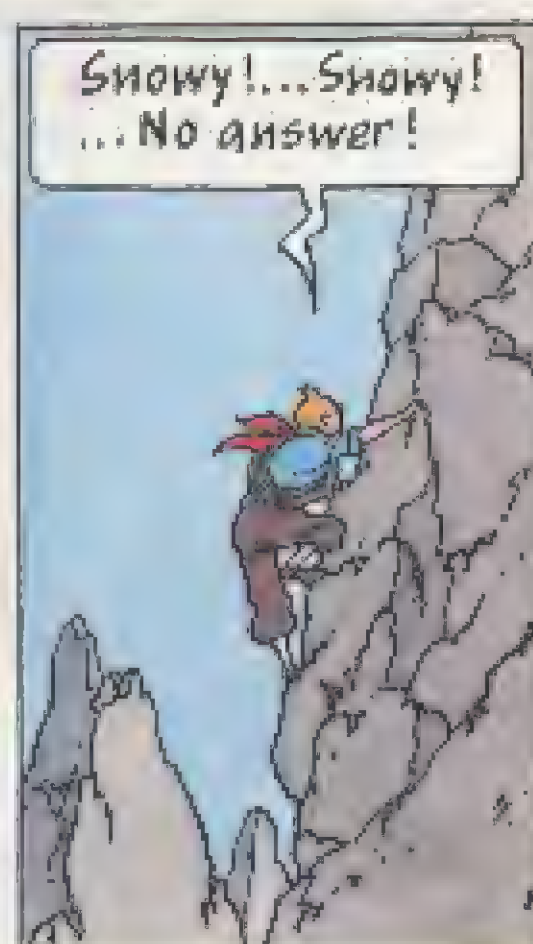
Quickly now! Ropes, and my scarf... I must go after Snowy...

You can't go up there!



You don't think I'd leave Snowy, Captain?... Injured, dying even...

Tintin, it's suicide, I tell you!



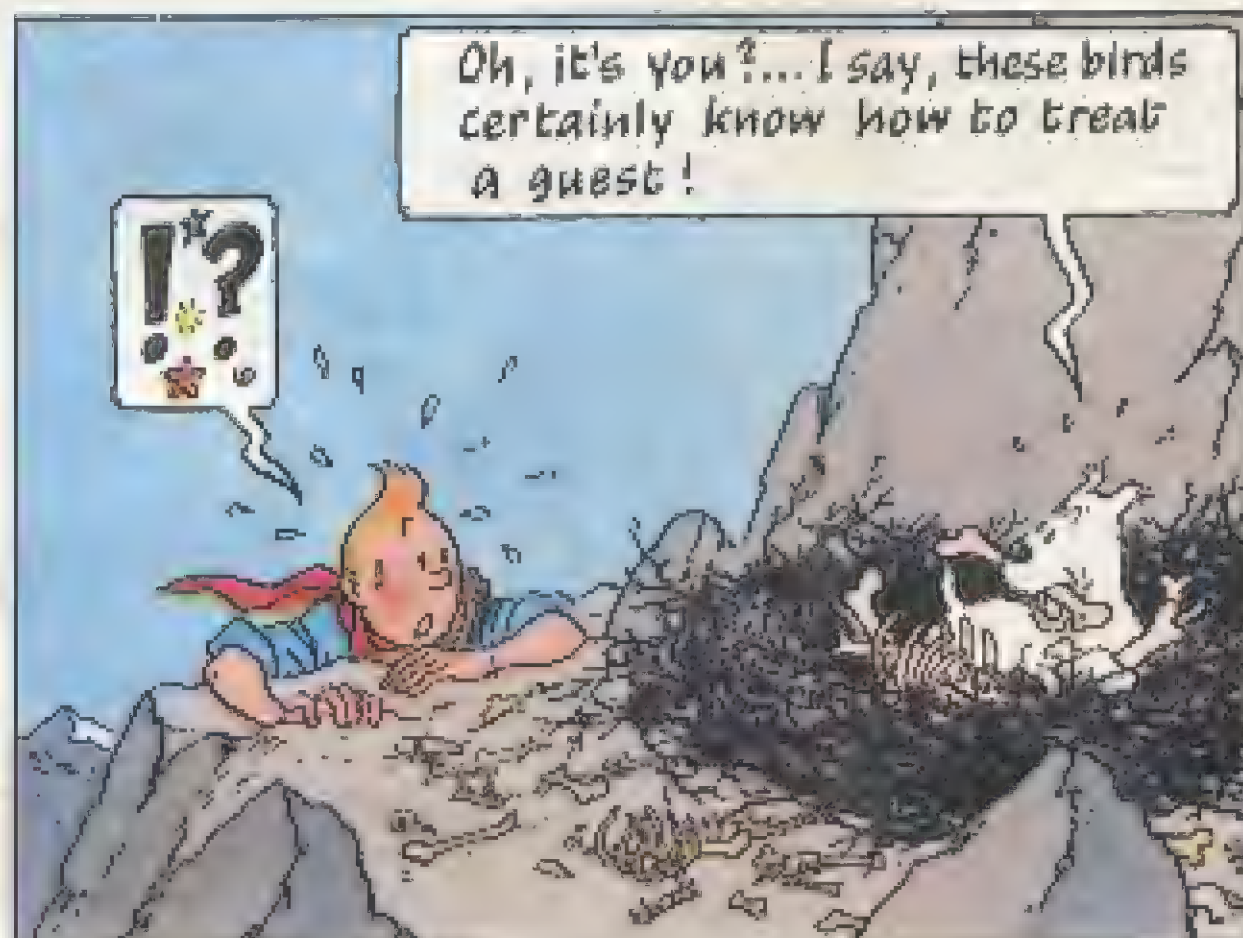
Snowy!... Snowy! ... No answer!



Snowy!... Snowy!

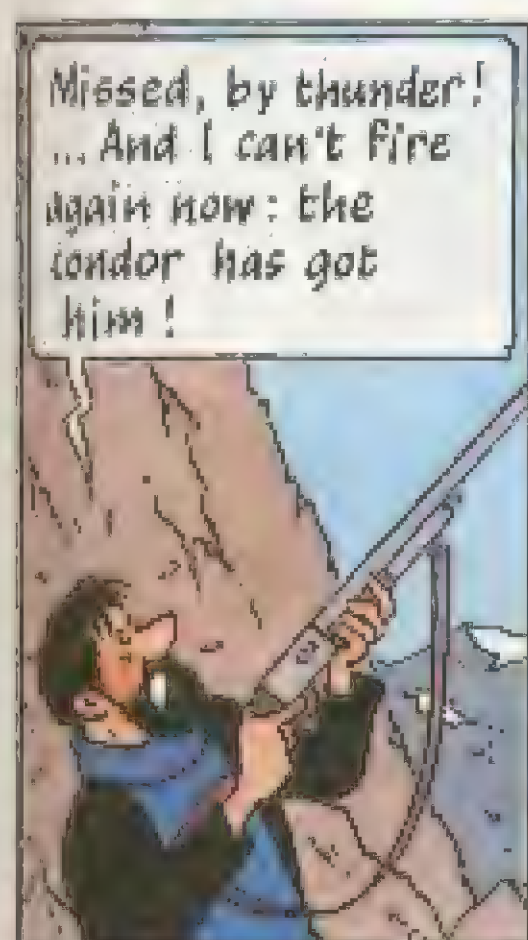


Not a sound!

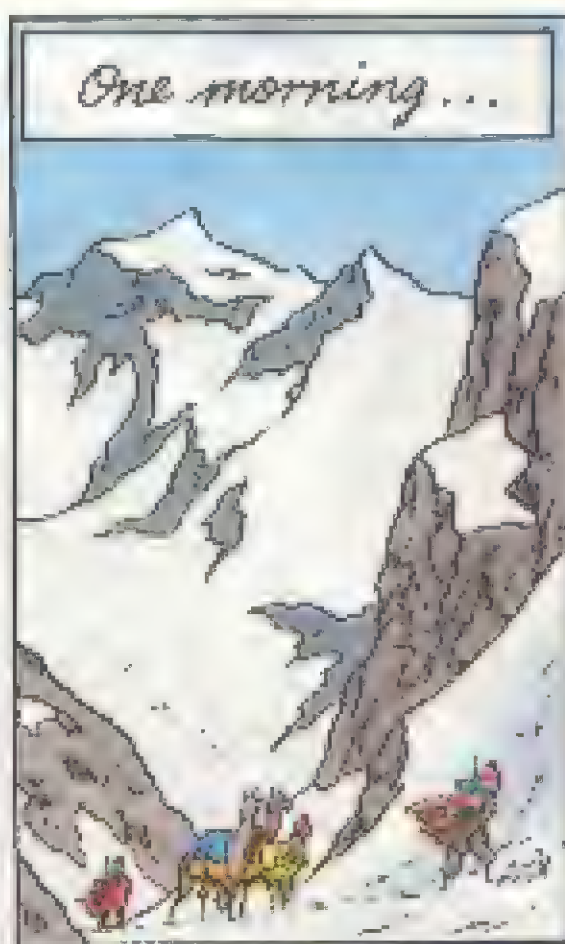
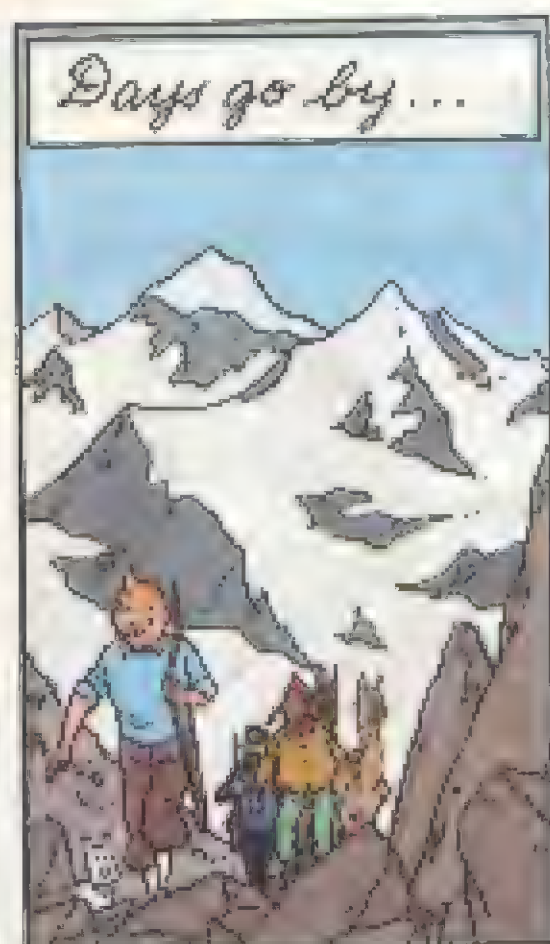
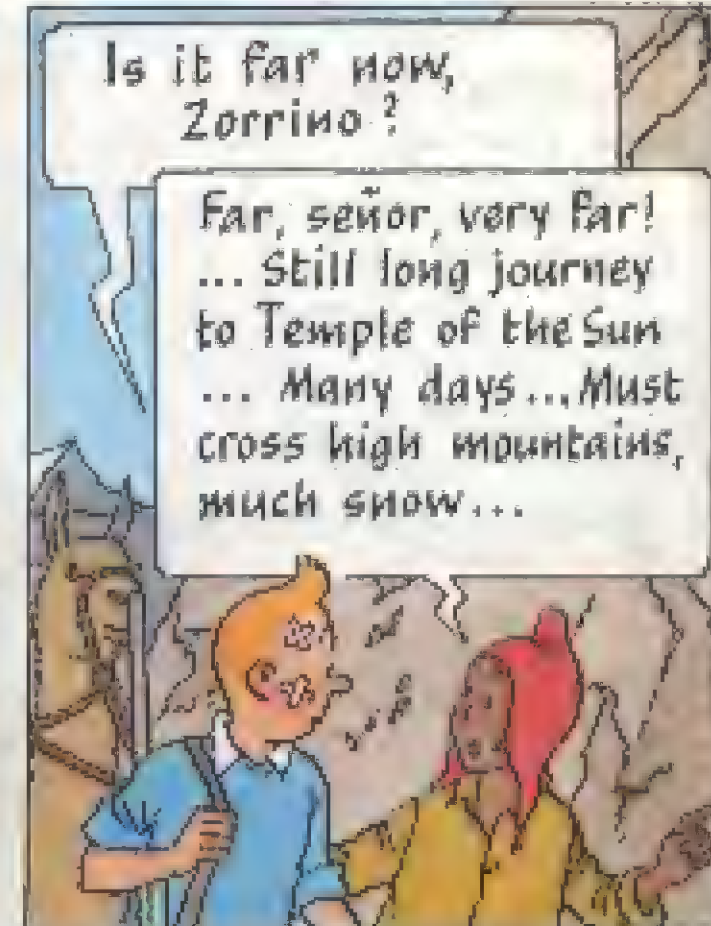


Oh, it's you?... I say, these birds certainly know how to treat a guest!

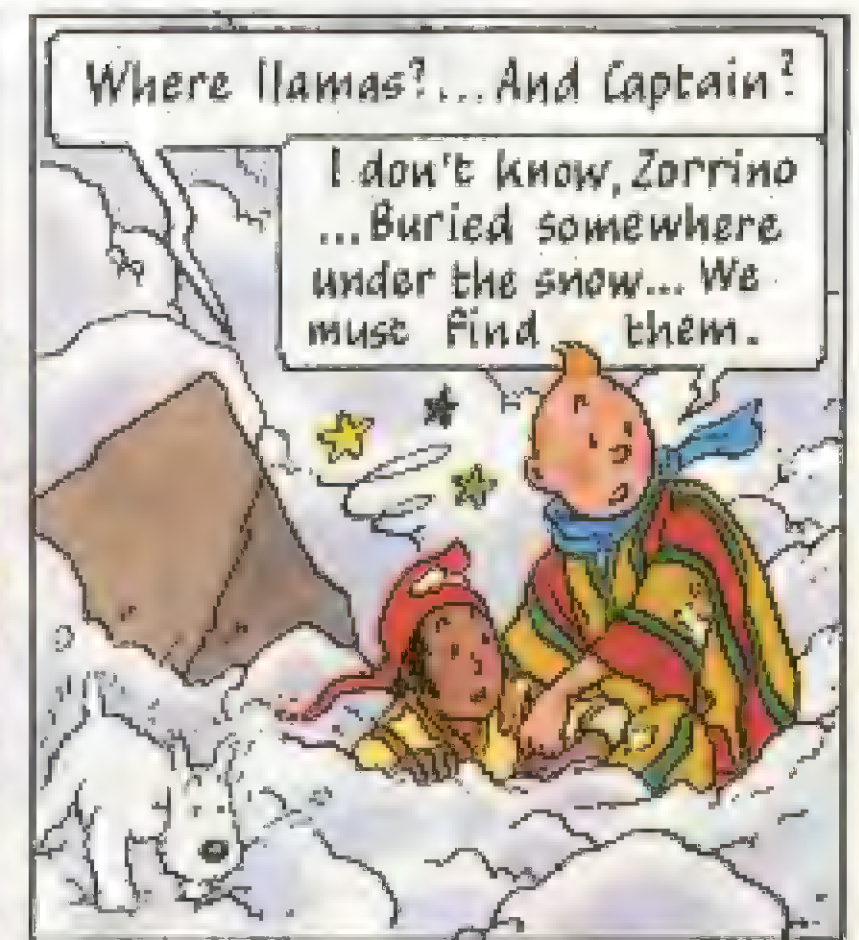














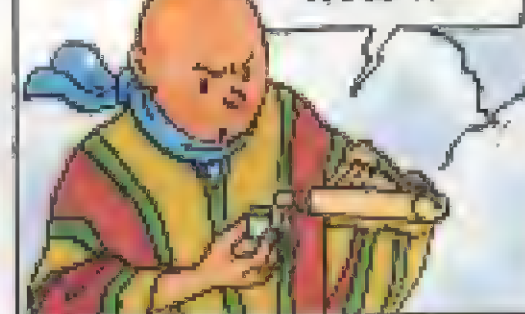
We ought to rub him briskly with alcohol... if we had some!... Ah, I'll bet he has a flask in his hip-pocket.



There ... I knew it!



Let's see now...



Whisky... Fine!



Wait, Captain, not so fast! ... Don't drink it all!



See, señores... Llamas not dead!



Good!... Hic... Fine! ... I... I... I'll F-F-Fetch them.

No, No, Cap- tain! I'll go!



Y-you shut up, or I'll s-s-squeeze the mountain down! I... I... I s-s-started... hic... all this... hic... s-s- so I'll F-F-finish it!

But...



C-come here, you raggle-taggle ruminants! ... H-here!



Y-you cushion-footed quadrupeds!... They run off as soon as I get near!... But I'll fix them!



C-come here you morons, and jump to it!...

As if he hasn't done enough damage already!



Look, there!... They must have been caught in an avalanche: only two of them left.

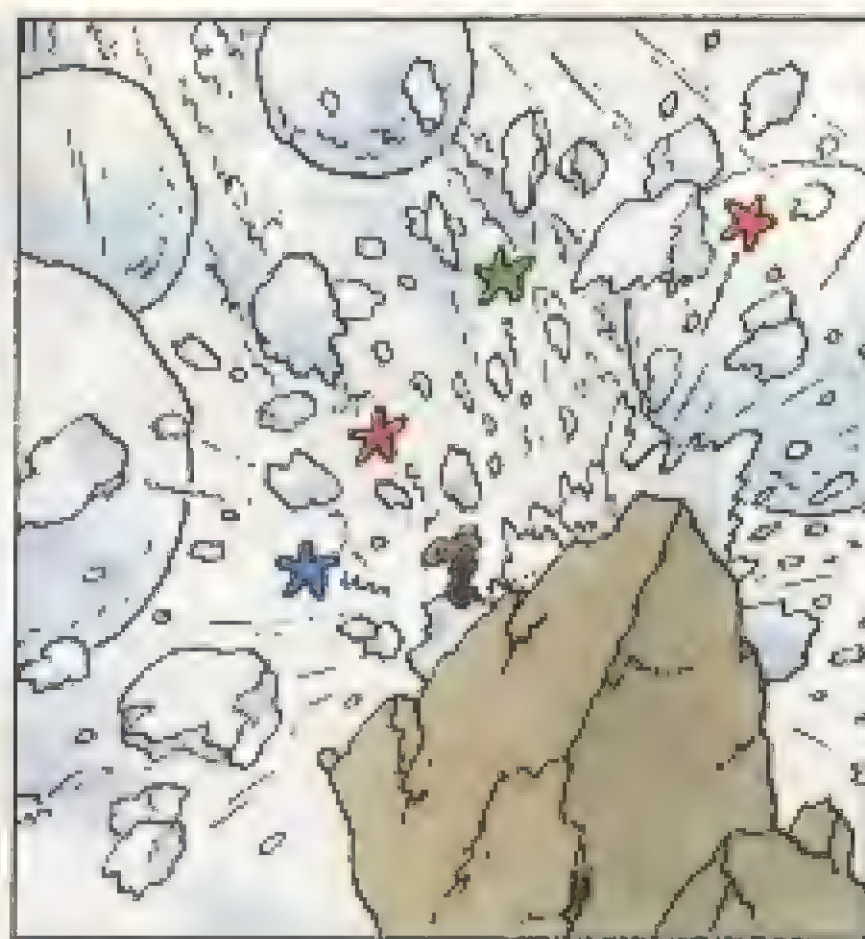
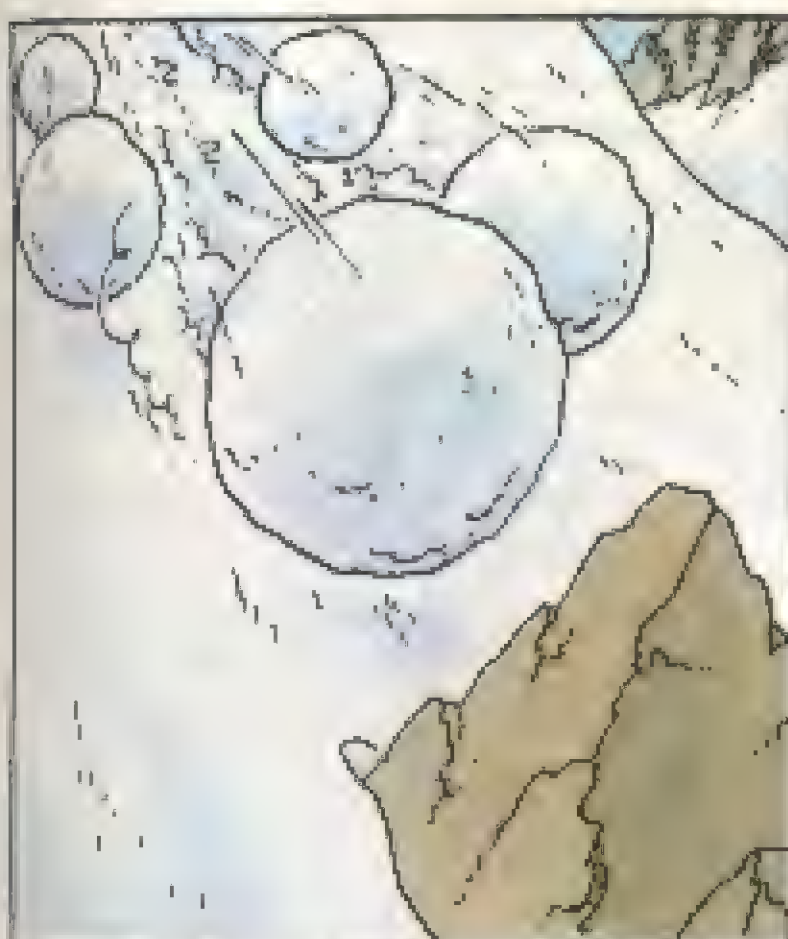
All the better: easier for us to deal with them! Come on!



I must be s-seeing things... d-down there!... The Indians who kidnapped Zorrino!









You know, Zorrino, the Captain's guardian angel has a full-time job!



Nothing broken, Captain?... That's lucky... Well, I reckon we've seen the last of those ruffians... Now, let's get back to the path...

Yes, yes...



I say, where's Snowy?... I don't remember seeing him around for quite a while... Snowy!... Snowy!...



Snowy!... Snowy!!... Where has he got to?



Good old Snowy! You've managed to dig out the Captain's cap.



We've found your cap; that's fine. But I'm afraid we've lost the llamas, and that means no more food, and no more ammunition...

No more ammunition?



You needn't worry about that. Look: two boxes of cartridges, here in my pocket.

What a bit of luck! If needs be we can shoot for the pot... And take care of that newspaper: we might need it to light a fire.



*Many hours later...*



You see, down there. Tomorrow we come into thick jungle.



Is the Temple of the Sun in the forest?

No, señor, temple still far away. We go through jungle. Then more mountains.



Blistering barnacles! Is there no end to it? I've had about enough of this little jaunt, I can tell you!



Stop!... Look, there's a cave!... Why don't we spend the night here?



Perhaps, but...

Don't worry, I'll look it over first.







It's O.K.!



It's all right... You can come on up... It's very snug.



What?... What is it?... What are you waving your arms for?



What?... Who?... What did you say?... Shout louder, I can't hear you!



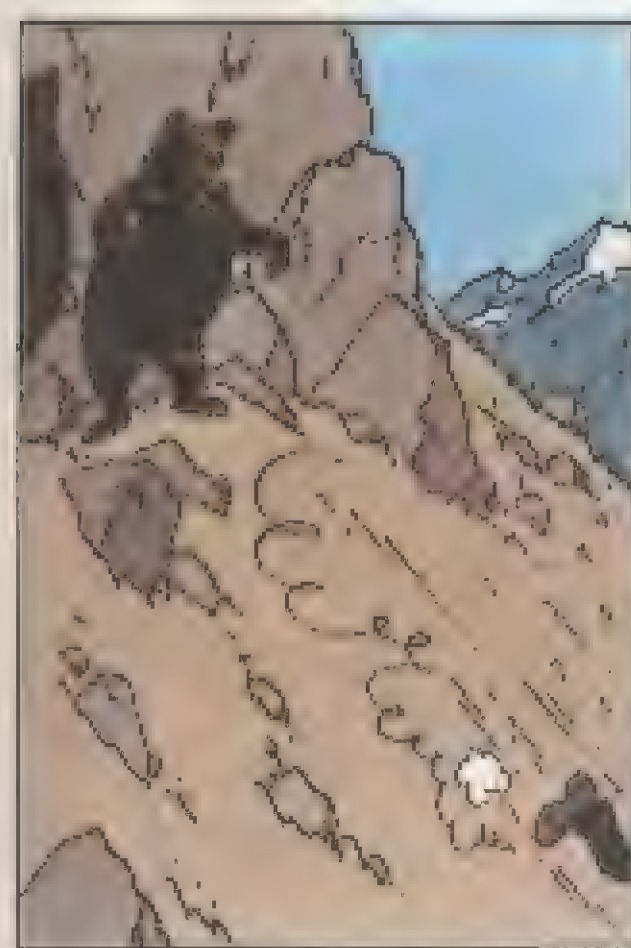
What?... Thundering typhoons, speak up, can't you!



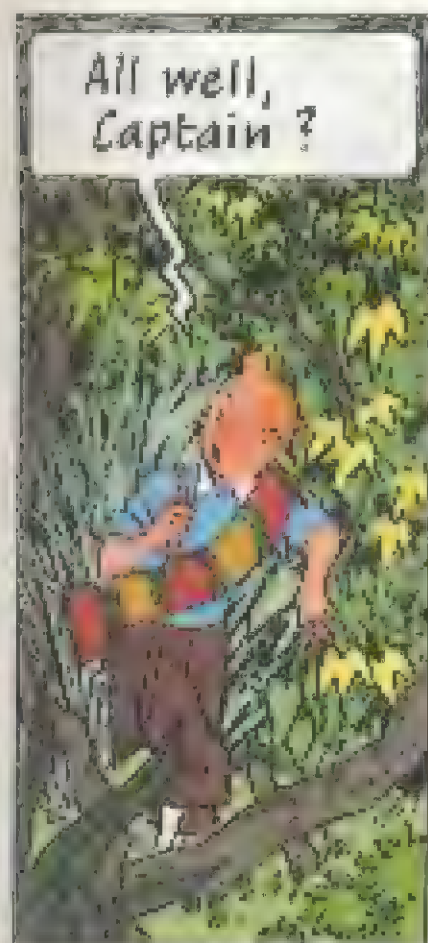
There's a bear behind you!



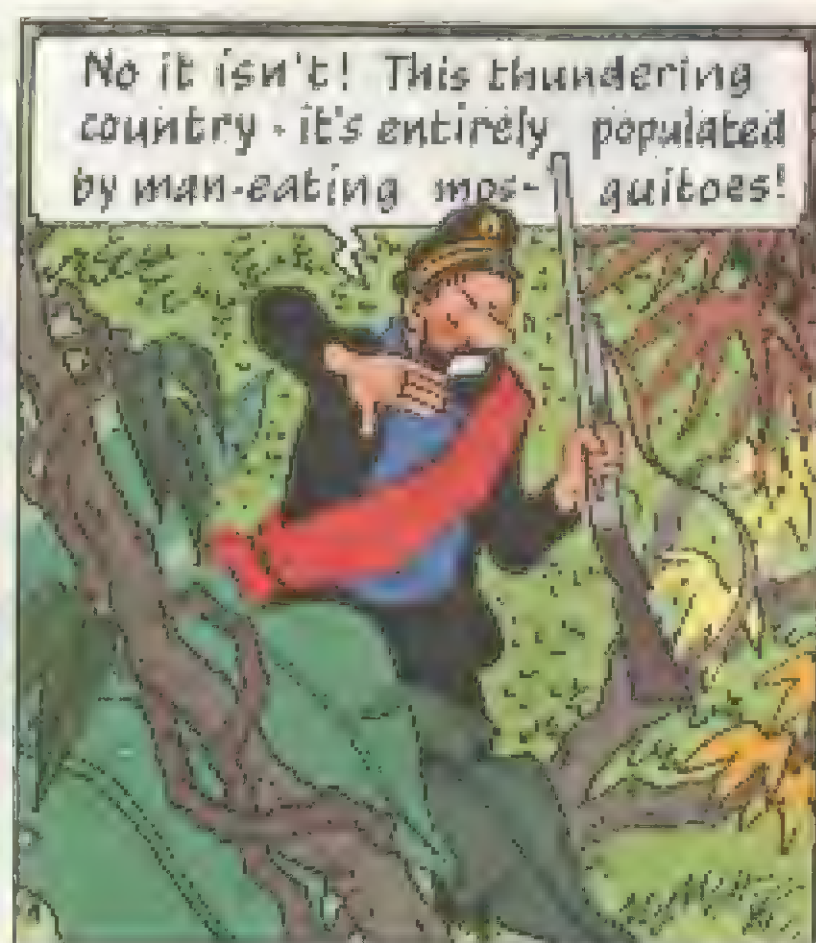
!!!



Next morning...



All well, Captain?



No it isn't! This thundering country - it's entirely populated by man-eating mosquitoes!



Blue blistering barnacles! Got you, bloodsucker!

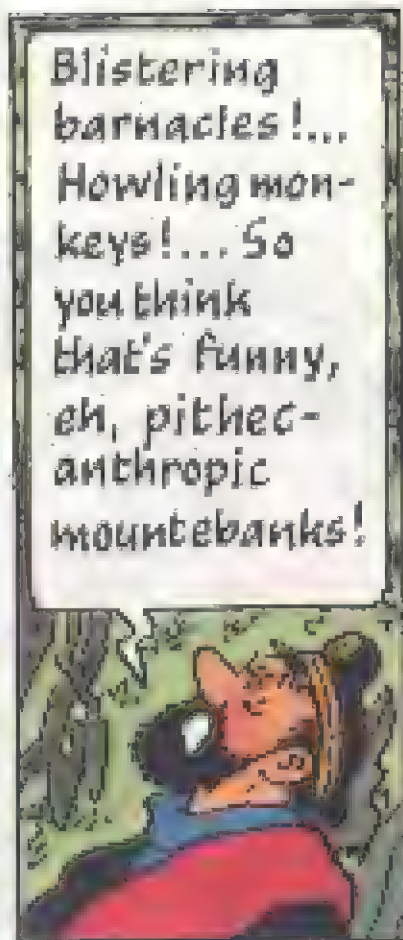


HA-HA-HA-HA-HA-HA

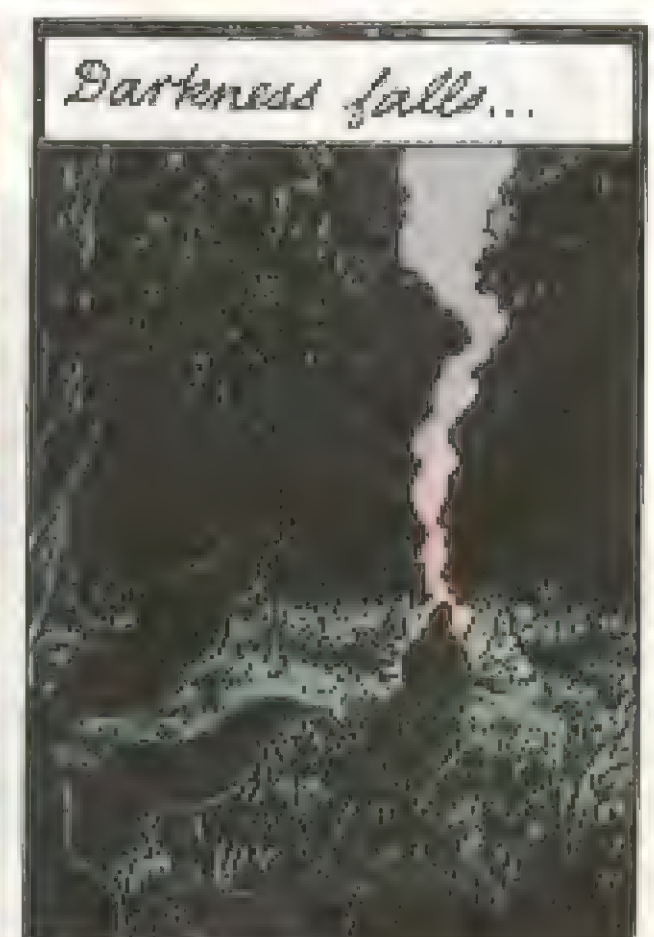
HA-HA-HA-HA-HA-HA

!













Hop it, you four-legged Cyrano!



Calm down, Captain: it's only a poor old ant-eater who wanted to say good-morning.

You covered with ants... Him look for break-fast.



The days go by...



Very soon, big river... We must cross...

How? Do we swim?

Bloodsuckers!



You wait here, señor... Zorrino come back soon...

Right.



How odd. Look at all those tree-trunks floating down the river.

Tree-trunks? Don't you believe it! They're alligators!



Alligators! ... Good heavens! I could have sworn...

A natural mistake... They don't fool me.



TINTIN! HELP!



I... er... thanks, Tintin... er... you see, I...

Quite, Captain! Anyway, he's quite harmless now... just like a tree-trunk.



CRACK





It's all right ... It was only Zorrino breaking a dead branch.

You come, señores. I find canoe.



See...



Watch out, shipmates, this is going to be hot! ...Here they come! They've spotted us!



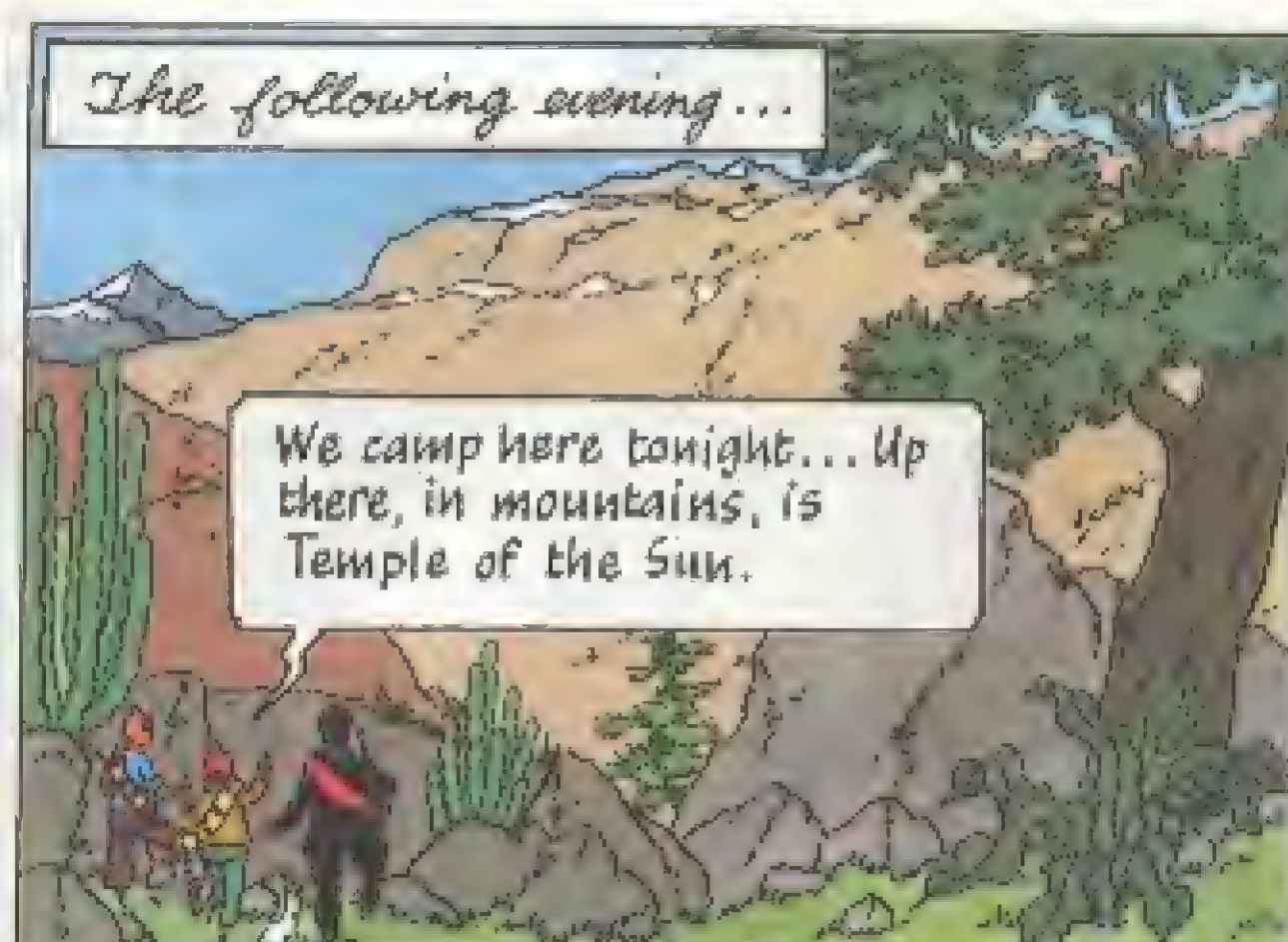
Loathsome brutes! Let me polish them off!

No, no! It's a waste of ammunition.



This beastly steaming jungle! ... Will it never end?

Tomorrow we leave forest, señor Captain.



The following evening...

We camp here tonight... Up there, in mountains, is Temple of the Sun.



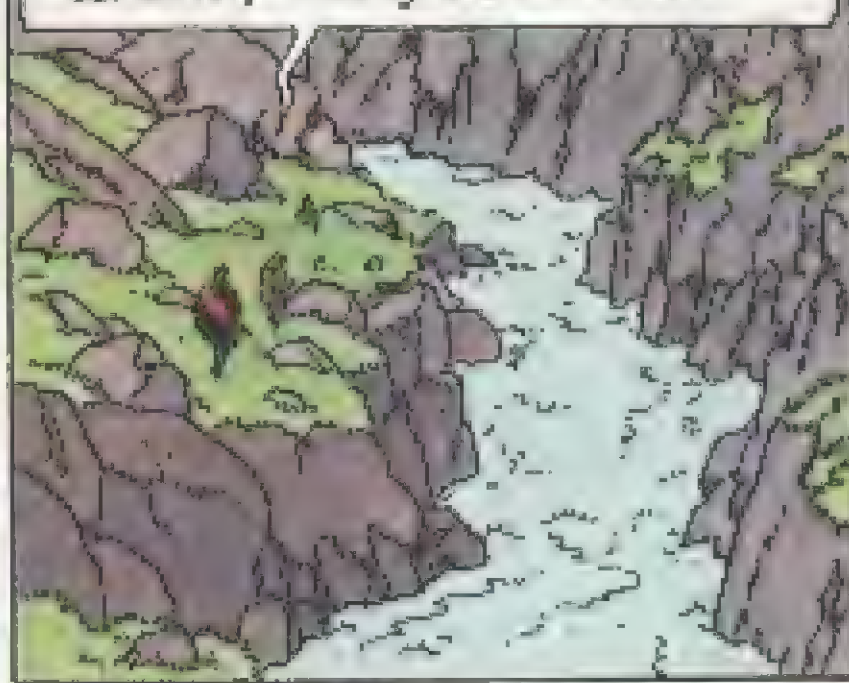
Next morning...

Off we go!... I say, where did you find that rope?

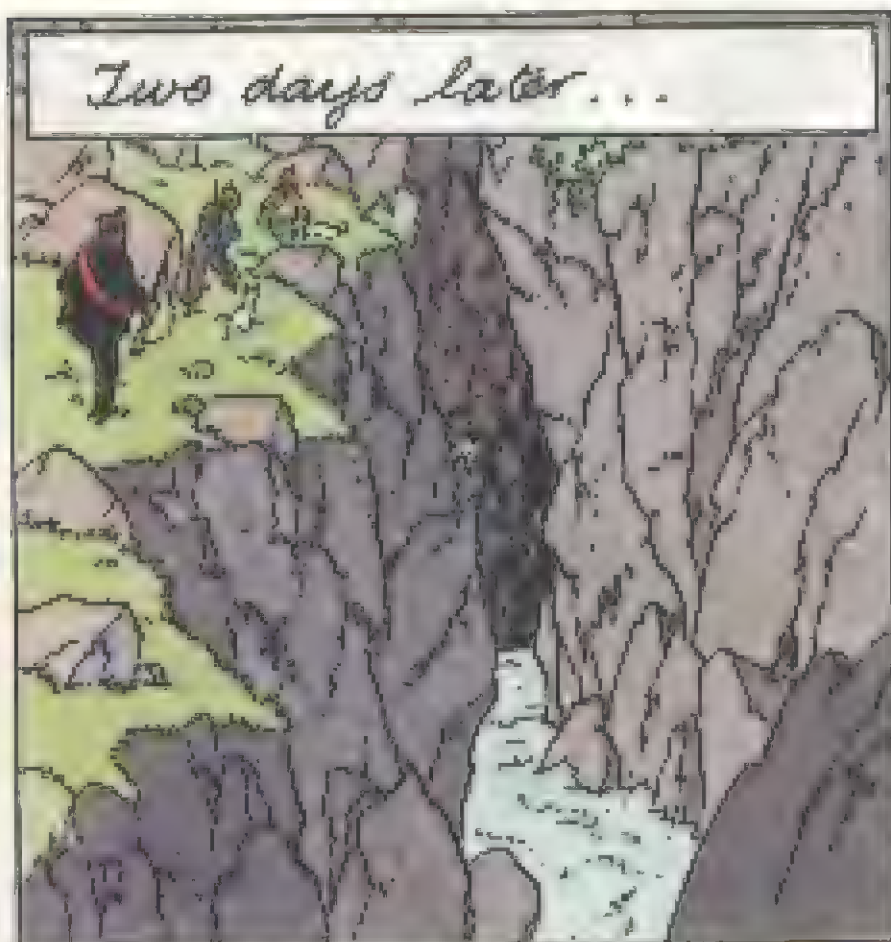
For certain we need ropes...  
I make them from  
jungle creepers.



What a torrent! We can't cross here: we'll have to try further up. The Temple of the Sun certainly has good defences!



Two days later...



There's nothing for it, Captain: this is the only place... You see that spike of rock over there... We must try to lasso it with a rope.



Right!

Here goes!



O.K. I've fastened this end to a tree... Now, who's first?



Hooray! Got it!

Zorrino, with señor Tintin's gun, to test rope!



He's got guts, that boy!

Be careful, Zorrino!



Fine... my turn next...

Is O.K.!



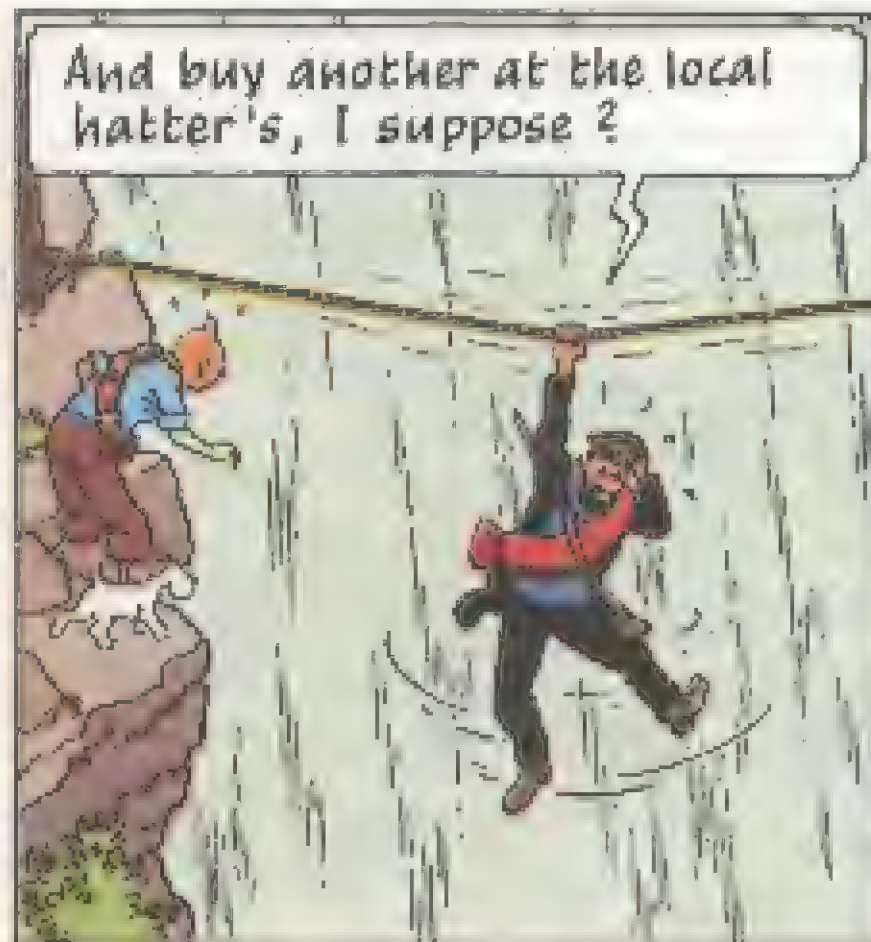
Thundering typhoons! You need a cool head for this!



Blue blistering barnacles!



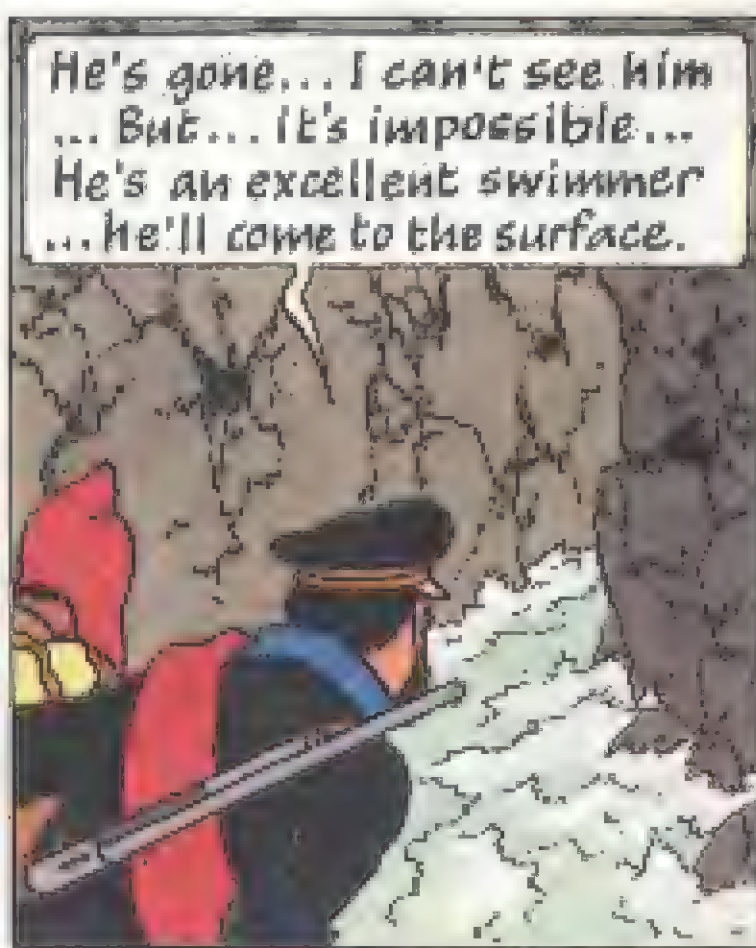








Tintin!  
Tintin!



He's gone... I can't see him  
... But... It's impossible...  
He's an excellent swimmer  
... he'll come to the surface.



Not a sign... It's all over  
... He's drowned... It's too  
dreadful, I can't believe  
it...



Drowned? ...  
Drowned?... Señor  
Tintin not dead,  
is he, Captain?

Alas,  
Zorrino!



My poor Zorrino. Tintin has gone.  
We shall never see him again.



Cooee!



That voice... It can't be... I must  
be dreaming ...

No, no! Is  
señor Tintin

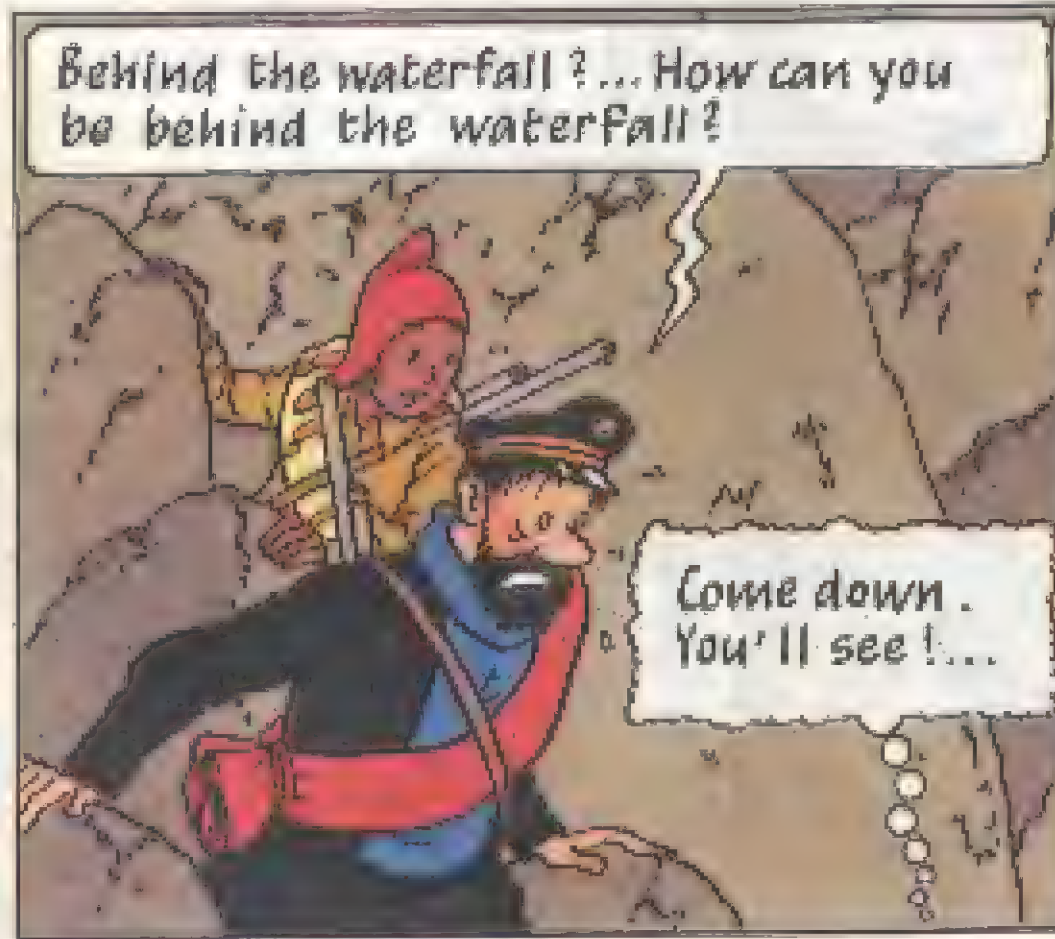
Captain!  
Zorrino!



Tintin!... Tintin!... Is it really  
you? ... Where are you?

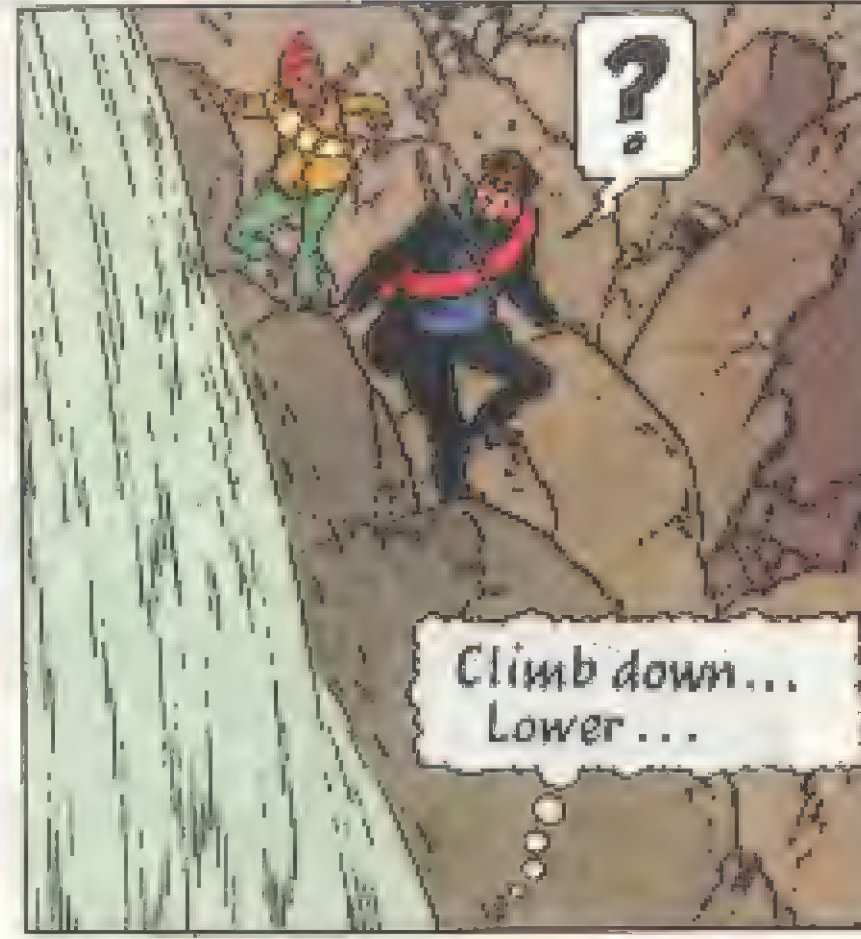
Woah!  
Woah!

Here, behind  
the waterfall.



Behind the waterfall?... How can you  
be behind the waterfall?

Come down.  
You'll see!...



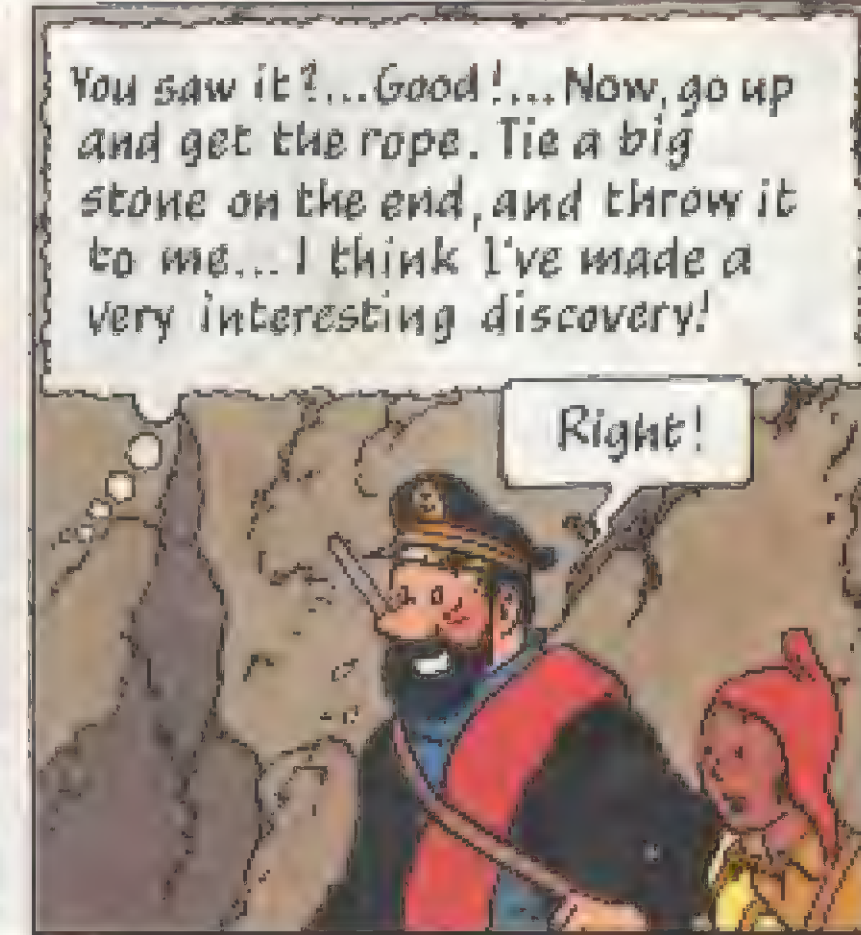
Climb down...  
Lower...



Come closer! ... Now, watch the  
foot of the waterfall. I'm going to  
throw a stone to show where I am.



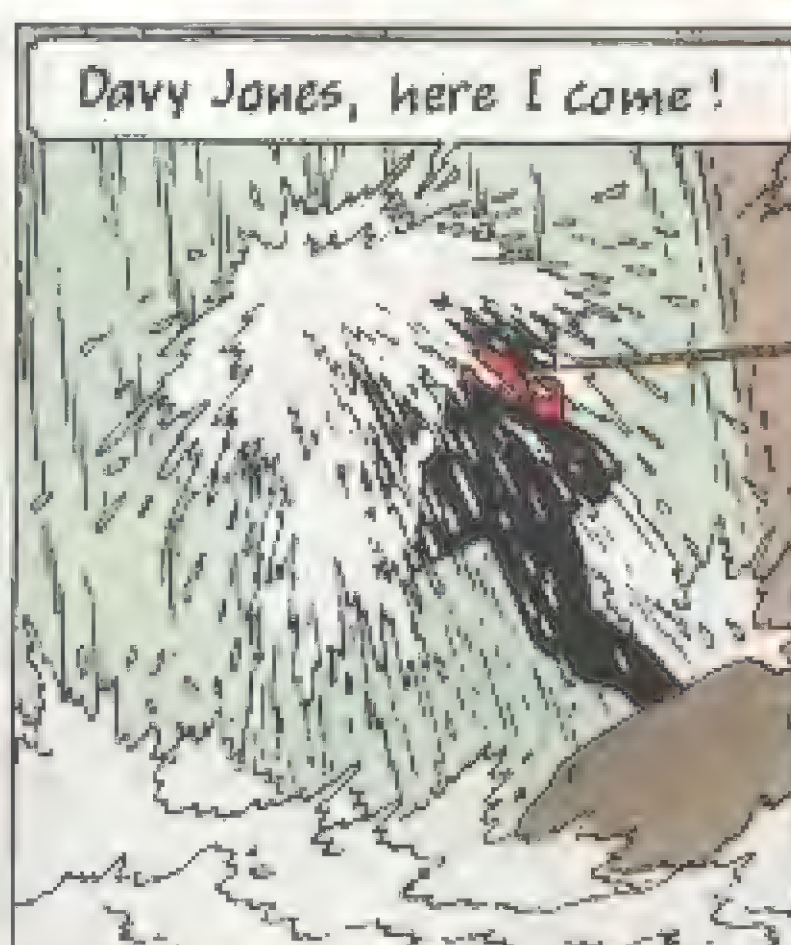
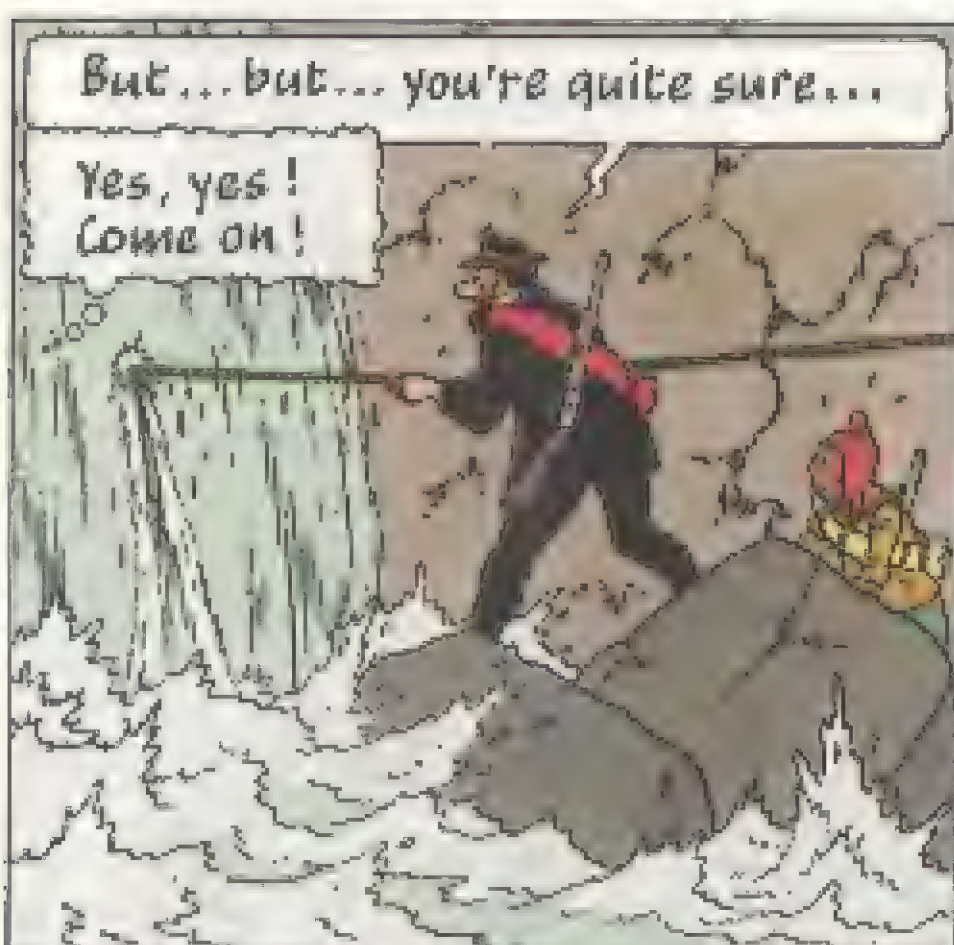
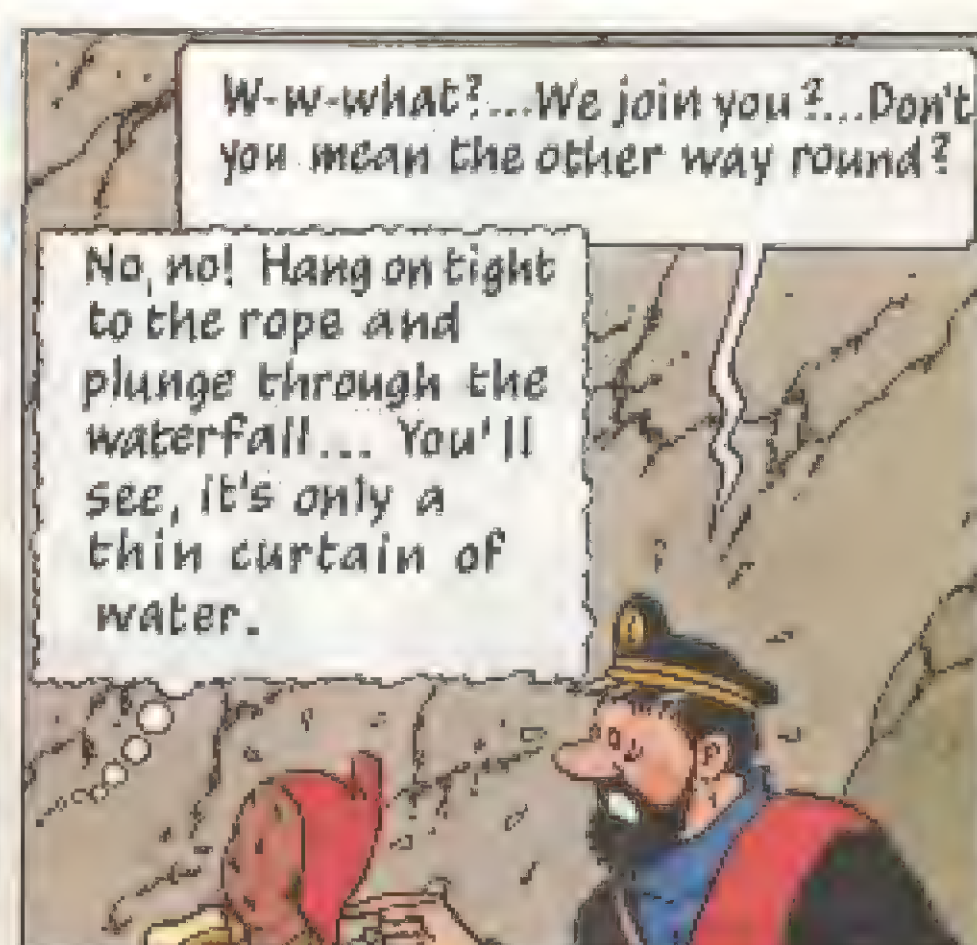
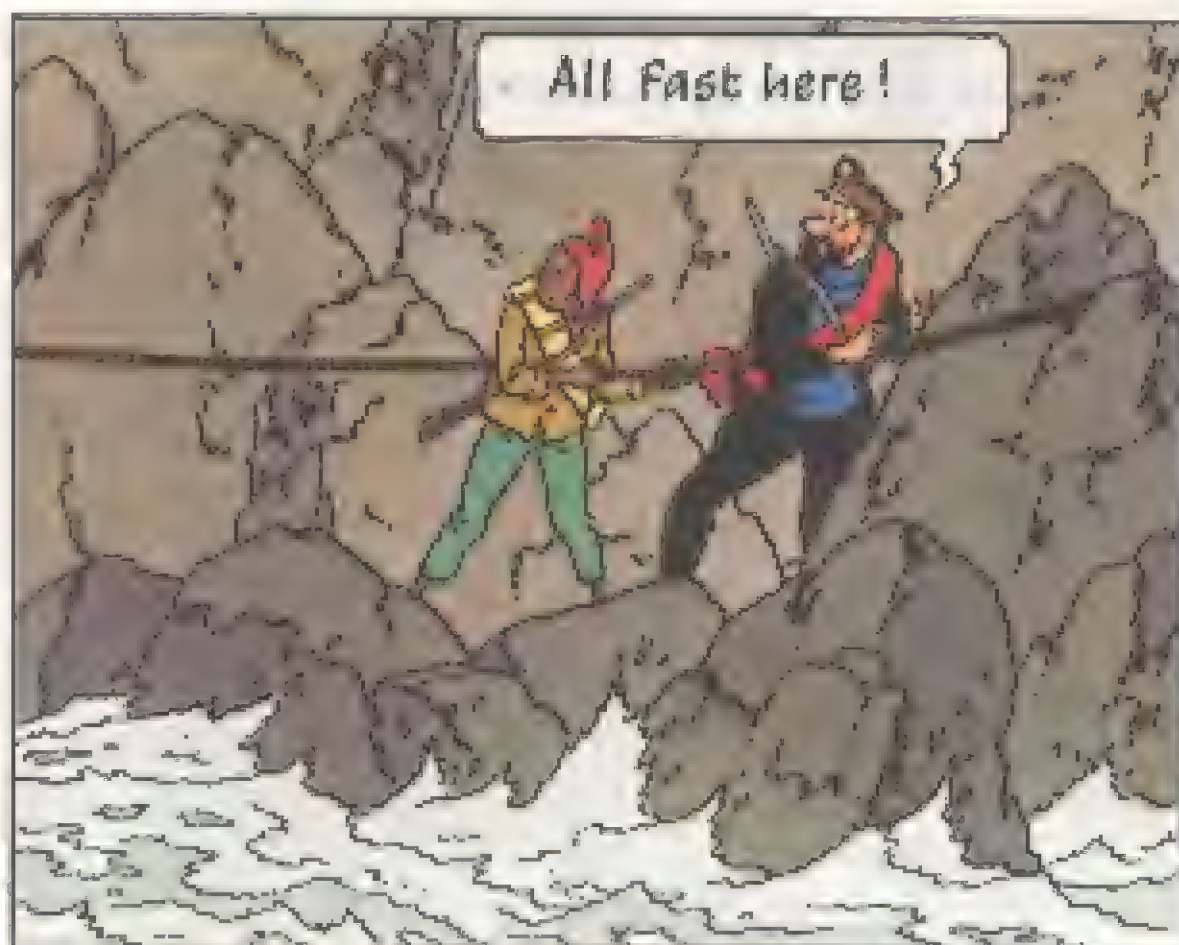
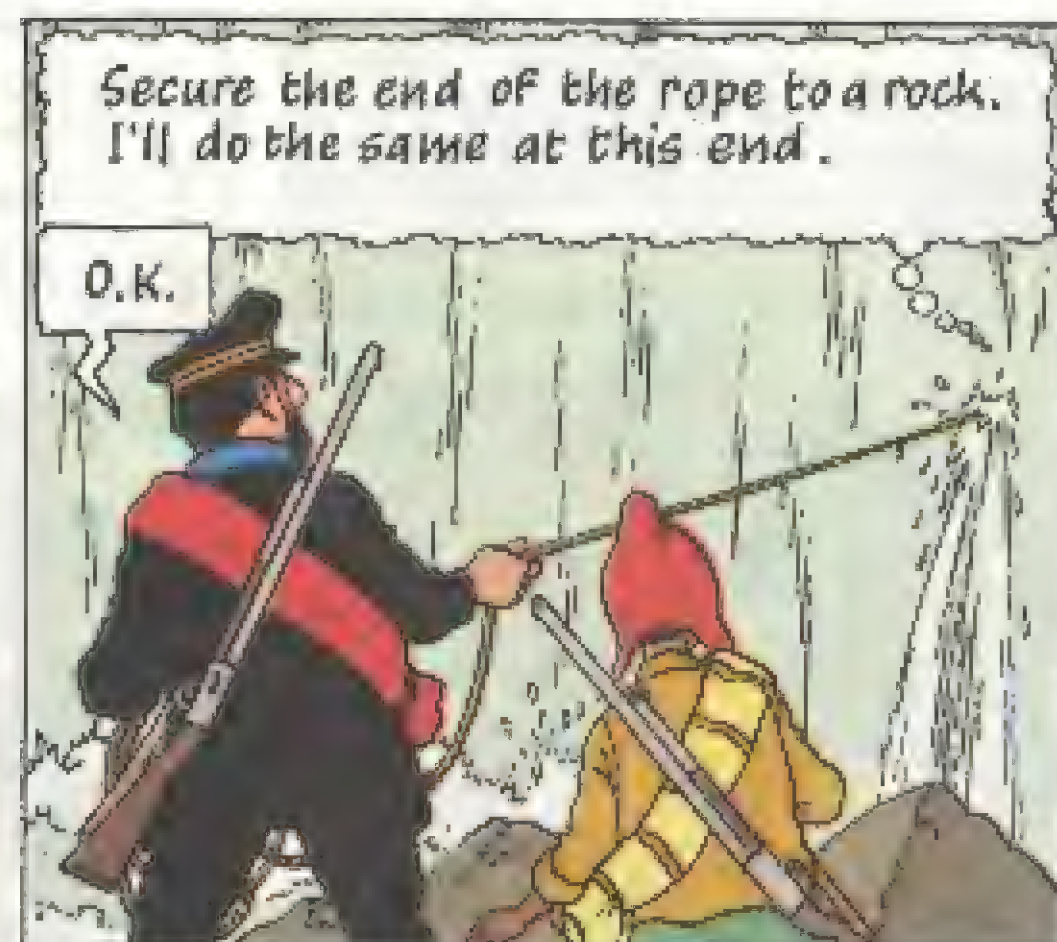
There!



You saw it?... Good!... Now, go up  
and get the rope. Tie a big  
stone on the end, and throw it  
to me... I think I've made a  
very interesting discovery!

Right!







All together again, Zorrino!

Tintin!... Oh, Tintin!  
... Zorrino was so  
afraid. You not hurt?



No, not a scratch... I fell into the  
water and was sucked under... Then  
I don't know what happened... I  
was whirled around, and when I  
came to the surface I found myself  
in here.



It seems incredible, but I think I've stum-  
bled on an entrance to the Temple of the  
Sun... so ancient that even the Incas  
themselves have probably forgotten all  
about it... Anyway, we'll soon see.



Blistering barnacles! It'll be as dark  
as the belly of a whale in there!

I thought so too. But I had a  
look. The rock is covered with  
some sort of phosphorescence  
which gives a little light.  
Shall we go?



No noise, now! ... Careful!  
... I've got a hunch we're  
nearly at the end of our  
journey.



Calculus, here we come!



Where's this leading  
us?



If we keep going we'll  
soon see...



Now we're in trouble... The passage is  
blocked... There's no way of getting  
through.



The roof-fall was probably  
caused by an earthquake:  
they're pretty frequent in South  
America... Anyway, we're sunk  
now... unless...

Woah!  
Woah!



I've found  
the emerg-  
ency exit!



Snowy seems to be on to  
something... It looks as  
though there's a way  
through there. Hold these,  
Zorrino, I'm going to try...



Any good?

I hope so.











You give me guns, señor Captain.

Here you are.



Here guns, Tintin.

Thanks, Zorrino.



Oh! Place of dead men, here!

Yes, Zorrino, there is no other way ...



It's my turn now...



Crumbs! That noise came from Snowy! What happened?



Golly! Whatever next? A musical bone!



Dead man's flute, Tintin... Incas make pipes from bones and put in tomb.

A flute carved out of a tibia... And Snowy blew it by mistake...



Hey, Captain, where are you?



Blistering barnacles! A tomb!... This is cheerful, I must say!

There wasn't any other way through, Captain.



Look here, did you drag me along just to meet these two jolly zombies?



No, no, Captain. There's something else. I'm sure we're nearly there. You see this slab? We must try to push it over. Behind it there might be ...

What a hope!



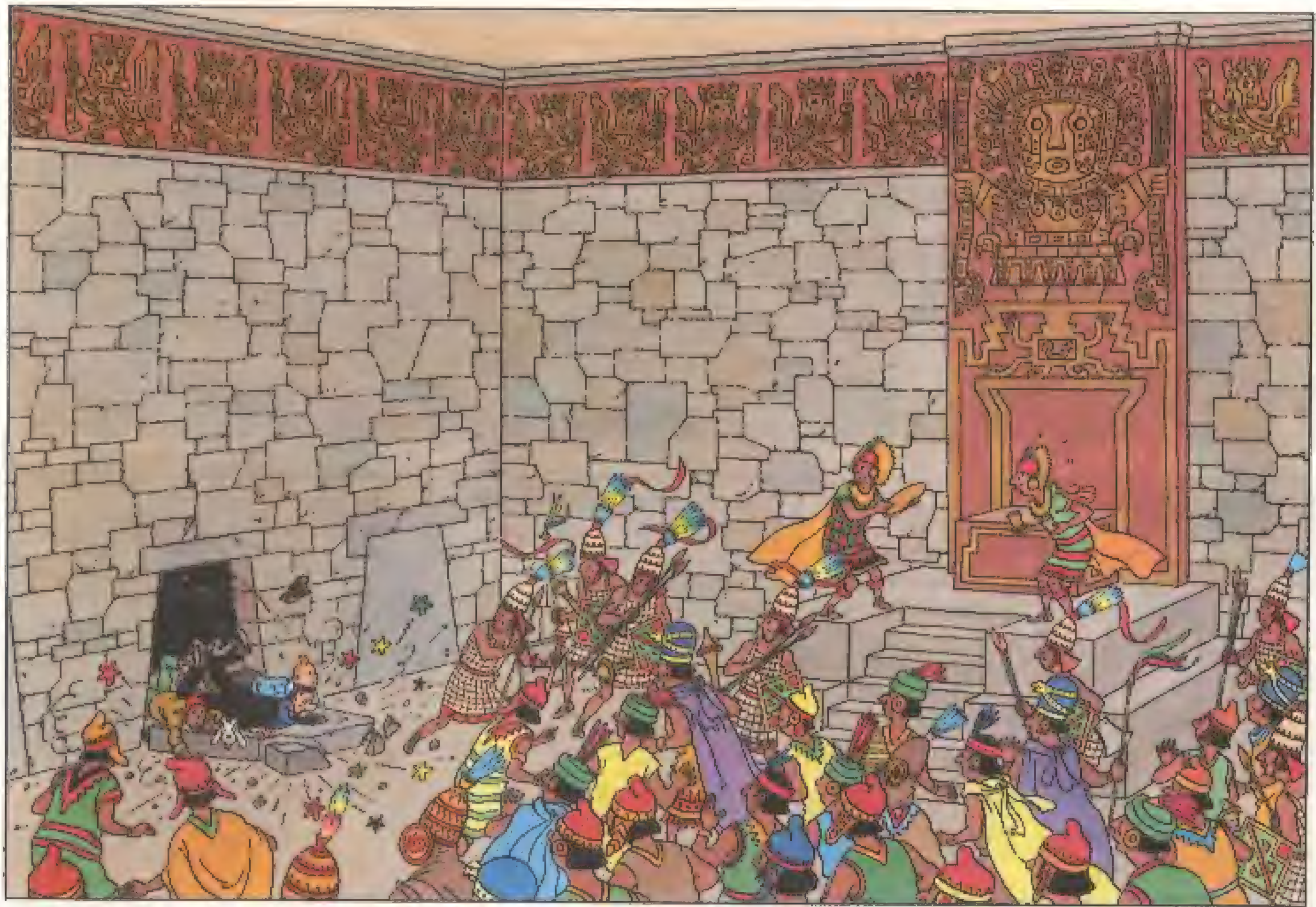
Come on now... One... two... three... Heave!



Splendid!... It moved!... Again: One... two... three... Heave!







Sacrilege! ... Seize them!



Stand back, anachronisms! ... Keep off, you imitation Incas, you!



Tramps! ... Zapotecs! ... Pockmarks! ... Pithecanthropuses! ... Bashi-bazouks! ... Let me go, you savages!



Good! Now, hold them prisoner until we bring them before the Inca!





Sea-gherkins!... Ectoplasms!...  
Poltroons!... Politicians!... Dory-  
phores!... Terrorists!

Don't cry, Zorrino... We'll  
get out of this, you'll see...

Get out? Easier said than  
done... Poor Zorrino!

Hello, what's this at  
the bottom of my  
pocket?

Ah, yes, the little  
coin that Indian  
gave me in Jauga  
... I'd forgotten all  
about it.

"You still go, then  
take this... Very good,  
help you in danger!"

I wonder... per-  
haps it's some  
sort of talisman  
which protects  
whoever possess-  
es it... In that  
case it might  
save the life of  
one of us ...

Look, Zorrino, here's some-  
thing for you... Take good  
care of it: it might be  
very useful.

You come... The Inca  
waits.

Oho! He waits,  
does he?... Well,  
I've got a thing or  
two to say to his  
lordship!

Keep calm, Captain! Keep calm, I  
implore you...

Great snakes!  
The Inca!

Look at that  
Indian on the left  
... It's Chiquito,  
General Alcazar's  
music-hall partner  
... The man I saw on  
the "Pachacamac."

Strangers, it is our  
command that you re-  
veal by what trickery  
you have entered the  
Temple of the Sun.

I...er... Noble  
Prince of the  
Sun, we found  
the entrance  
quite by chance,  
when I was swept  
into a waterfall.

Be that as it may, our laws  
decree but one penalty.  
Those who violate the  
sacred temple where we pre-  
serve the ancient rites of the  
Sun God shall be put to death!



Be put to death! ... D'you really think we'll let ourselves be massacred, just like that, you tin-hatted tyrant?!

Captain, please! Keep quiet!



Noble Prince of the Sun, I crave your indulgence. Let me tell you our story. We have never sought to commit sacrilege. We were simply looking for our friend, Professor Calculus...



Your friend dared to wear the sacred bracelet of Rascar Capac. Your friend will likewise be put to death!



Blistering barnacles, you've no right to kill him! No more than you have a right to kill us, thundering typhaons! It's murder, pure and simple!



But it is not we who will put you to death. It is the Sun himself, for his rays will set alight the pyre for which you are destined.



As for this young Indian who guided these strangers and thus betrayed his race, he will suffer the penalty reserved for traitors! ... He will be sacrificed immediately on the altar of the Sun God!



Billions of blue blistering barnacles! The first one who touches a hair of that boy's head is a dead duck!

Grrr!...



Great snakes! I just remembered! Your medal, Zorrino! ... Show them!



Where did you steal that, little viper?



I not steal, noble Prince of the Sun, I not steal! ... He give me this medal! ... I not steal!



And you, foreign dog, where did you get it? Like others of your kind, you robbed the tombs of our ancestors, no doubt!



Noble Prince of the Sun, I beg leave to speak...





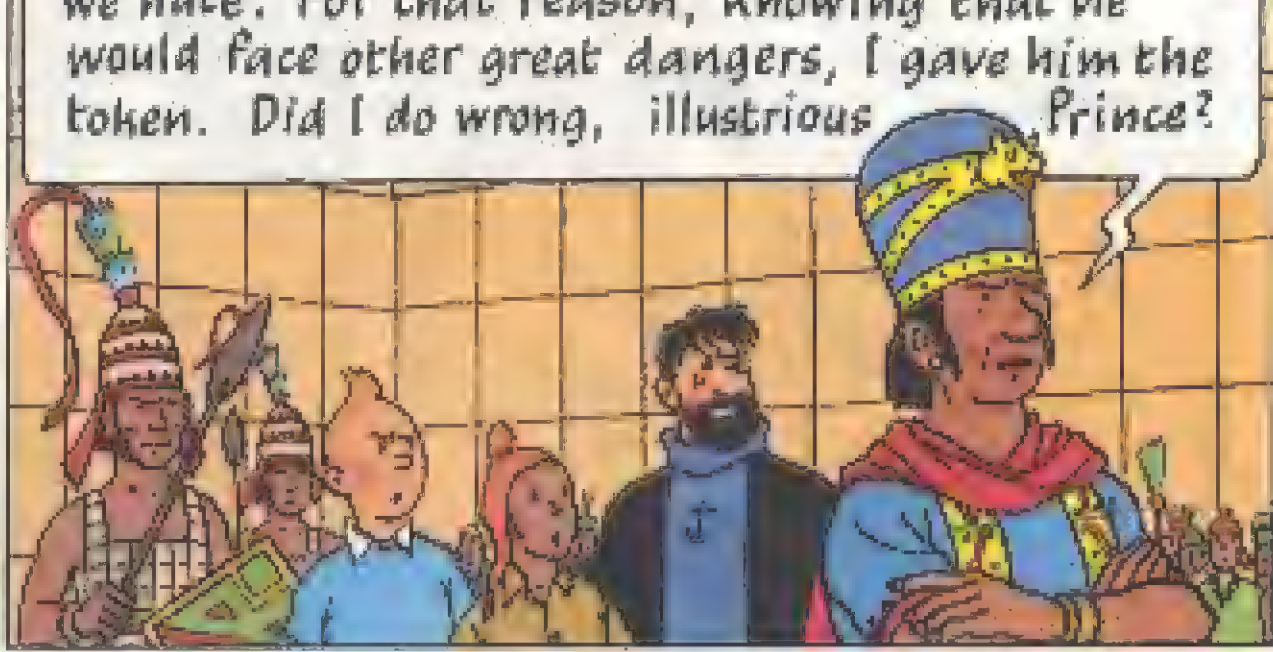
It is I, noble Prince of the Sun, who gave the sacred token to this young stranger.



You, Huascar? ... A high priest of the Sun God, you committed sacrilege and gave this talisman to an enemy of our race?



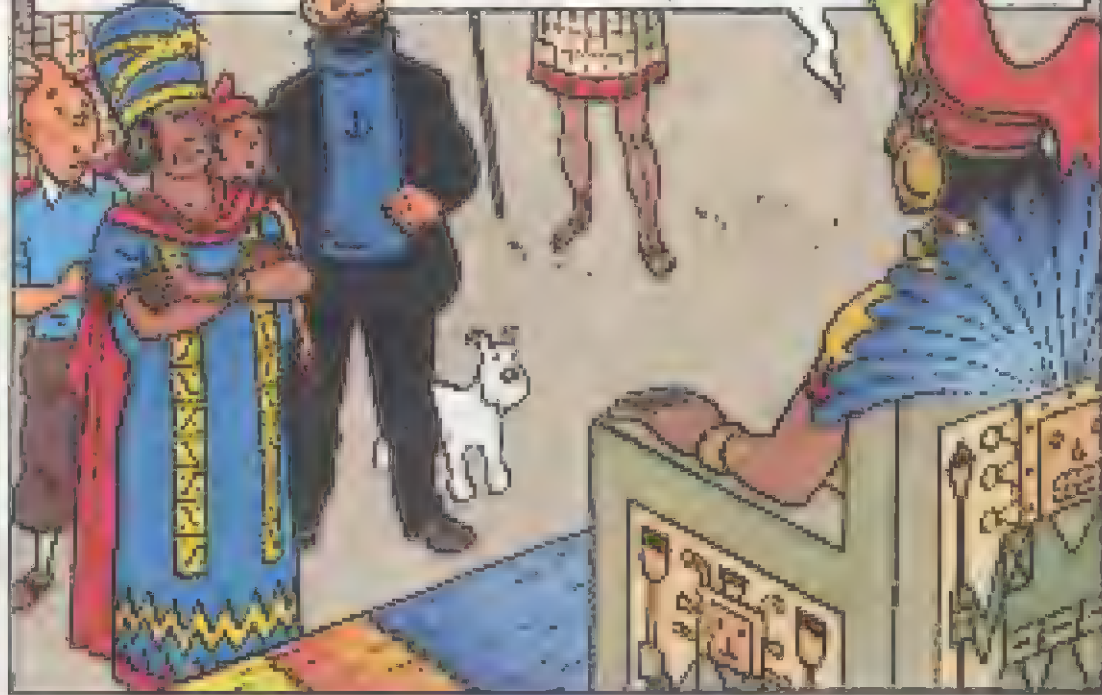
He is not an enemy of our race, noble Prince of the Sun... with my own eyes I saw him go alone to the defence of this boy, when the child was being ill-treated by two of those vile foreigners whom we hate. For that reason, knowing that he would face other great dangers, I gave him the token. Did I do wrong, illustrious Prince?



No, Huascar, you did nobly. But your action will save only this young Indian, for his life is protected by the talisman.



It will not save the young stranger; by his generosity he forfeited his only safeguard. Our laws are explicit: he will be put to death with his companion.



Nevertheless, I will grant them one favour...

I knew it: his bark's worse than his bite!



It is this: Within the next thirty days, they must die. But they may choose the day and the hour when the rays of the sacred Sun will light their pyre.



...They must give their answer tomorrow. As for this young Indian, he will be separated from his companions and his life will be spared. But he will stay within our temple until he dies, lest our secrets be divulged.



Now, let the strangers be taken away and kept in close confinement until tomorrow. The Prince of the Sun has spoken!



Well, we're in up to our necks, this time!

I know... But I'm glad Zorrino's safe, anyway.



Bunch of savages!... What I need is a pipe to calm my nerves... Where is it?... Ah, got it... Hello, what's this?



Oh yes, I remember... the newspaper we saved to light a fire.



Well, we shan't be needing that now... There'll be a fire all right...



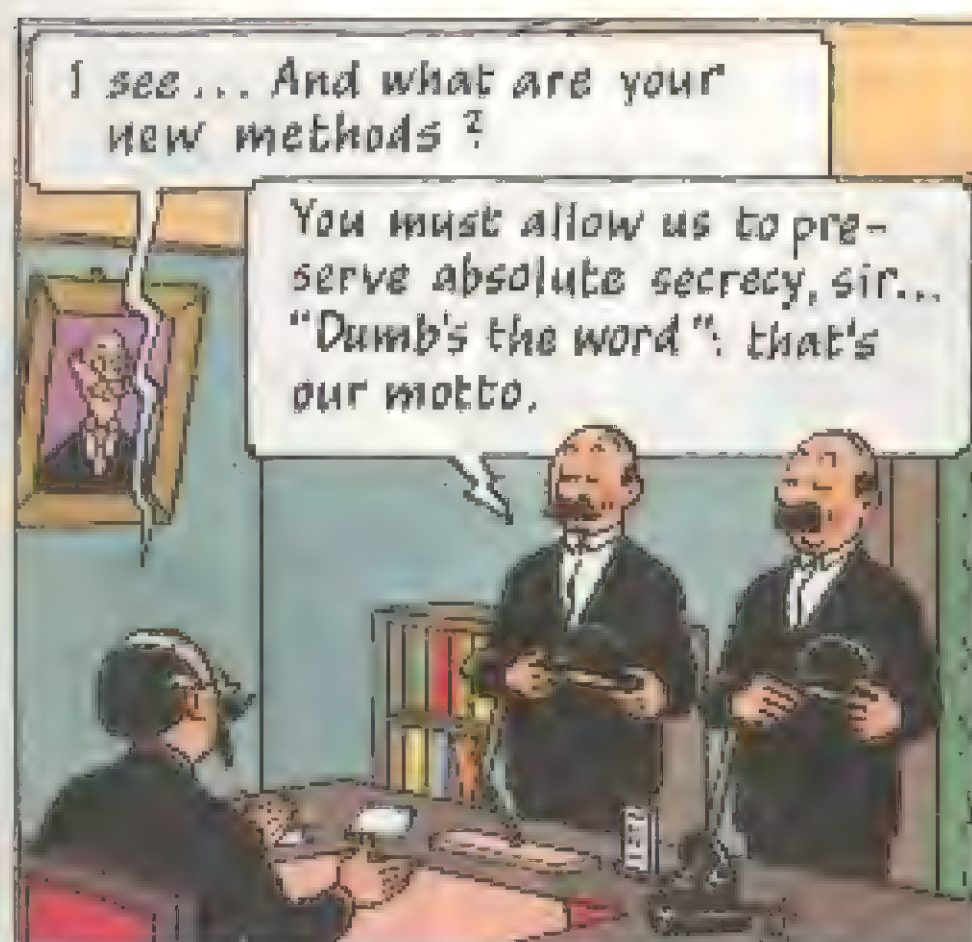
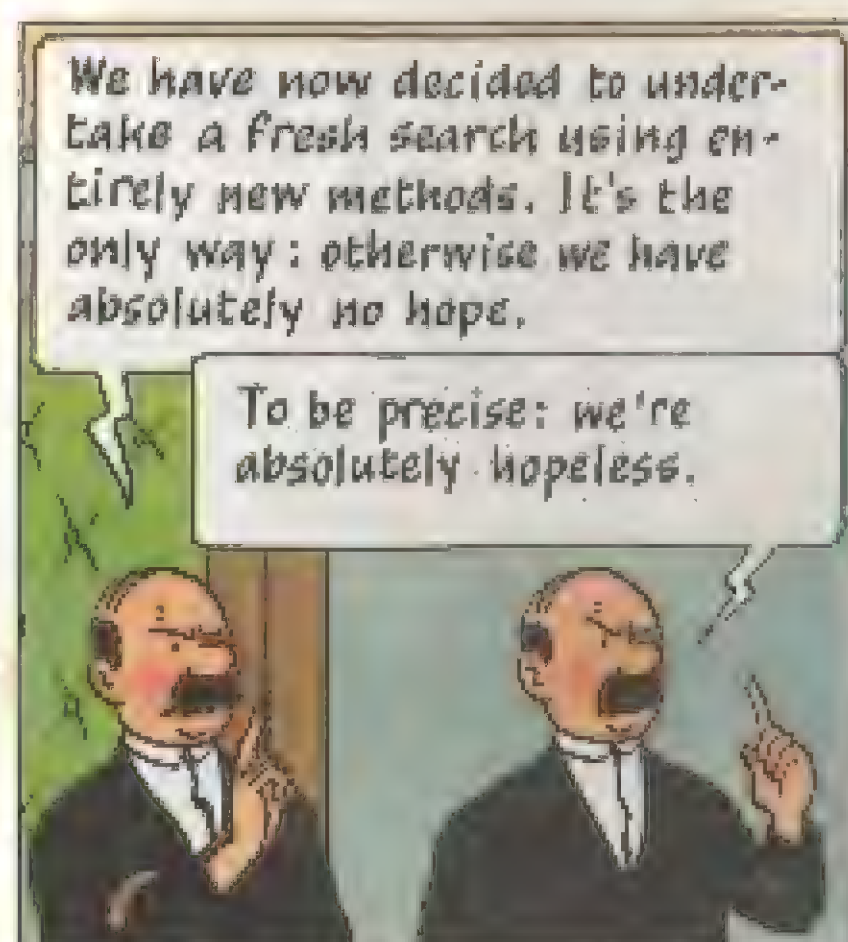
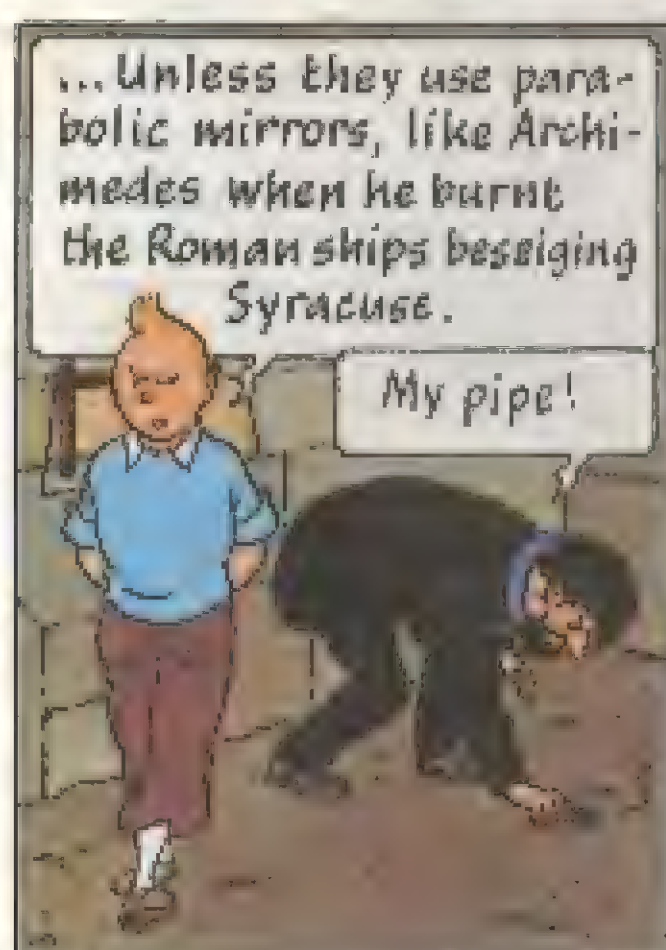
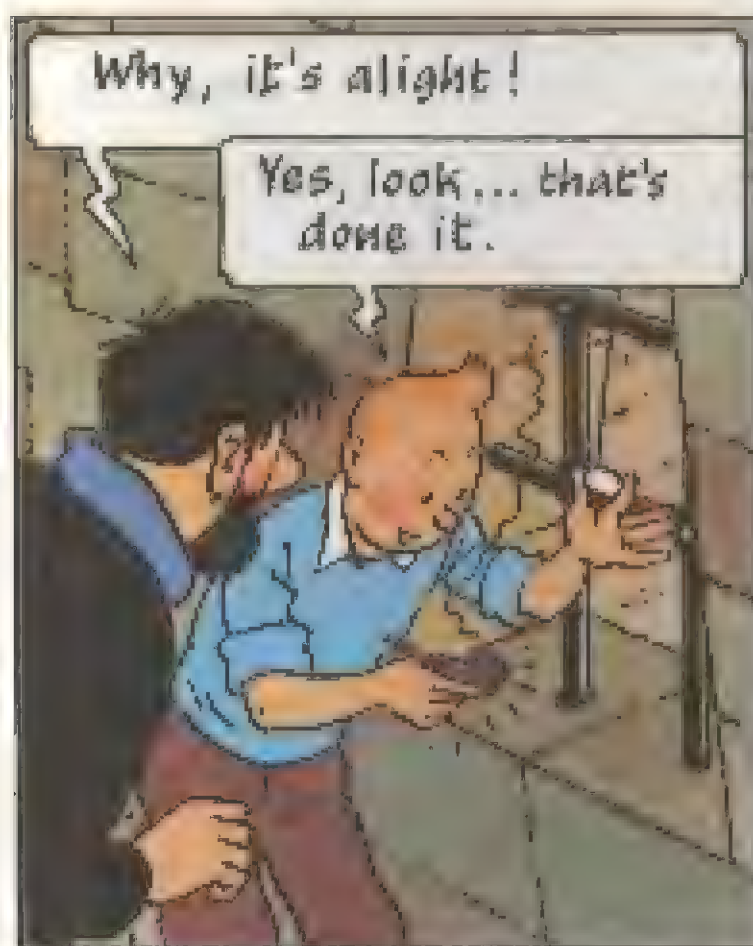
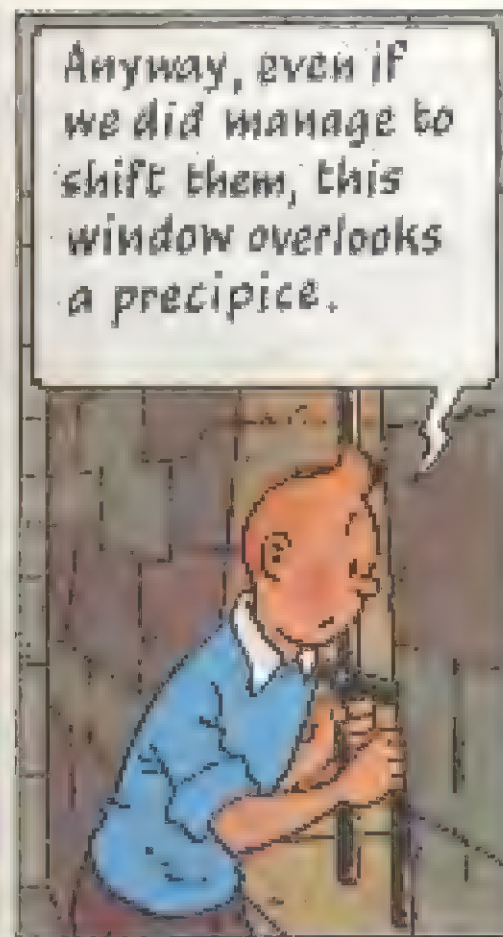
But, thundering typhoons, we shan't be lighting it!



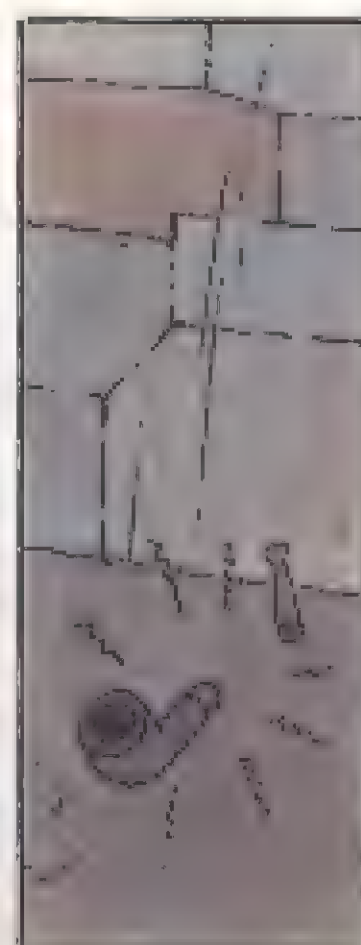
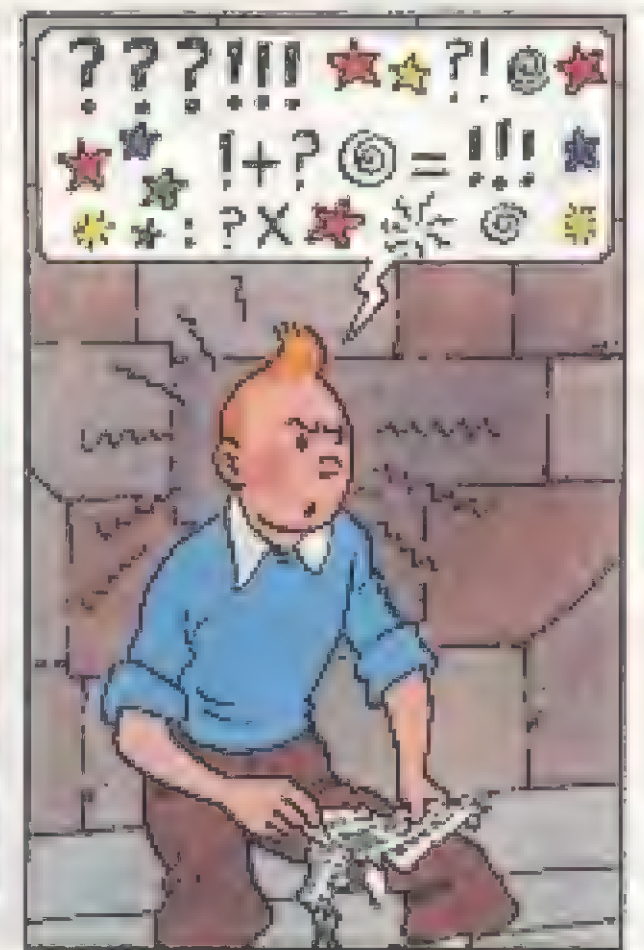
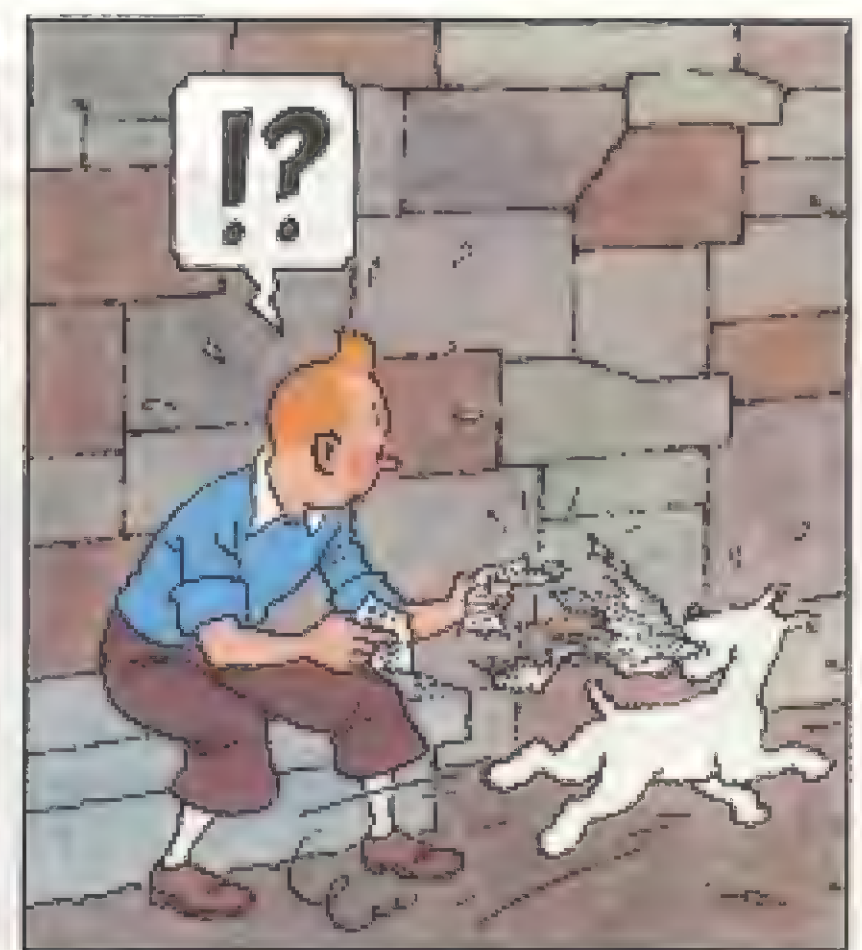
How do we get out of here?



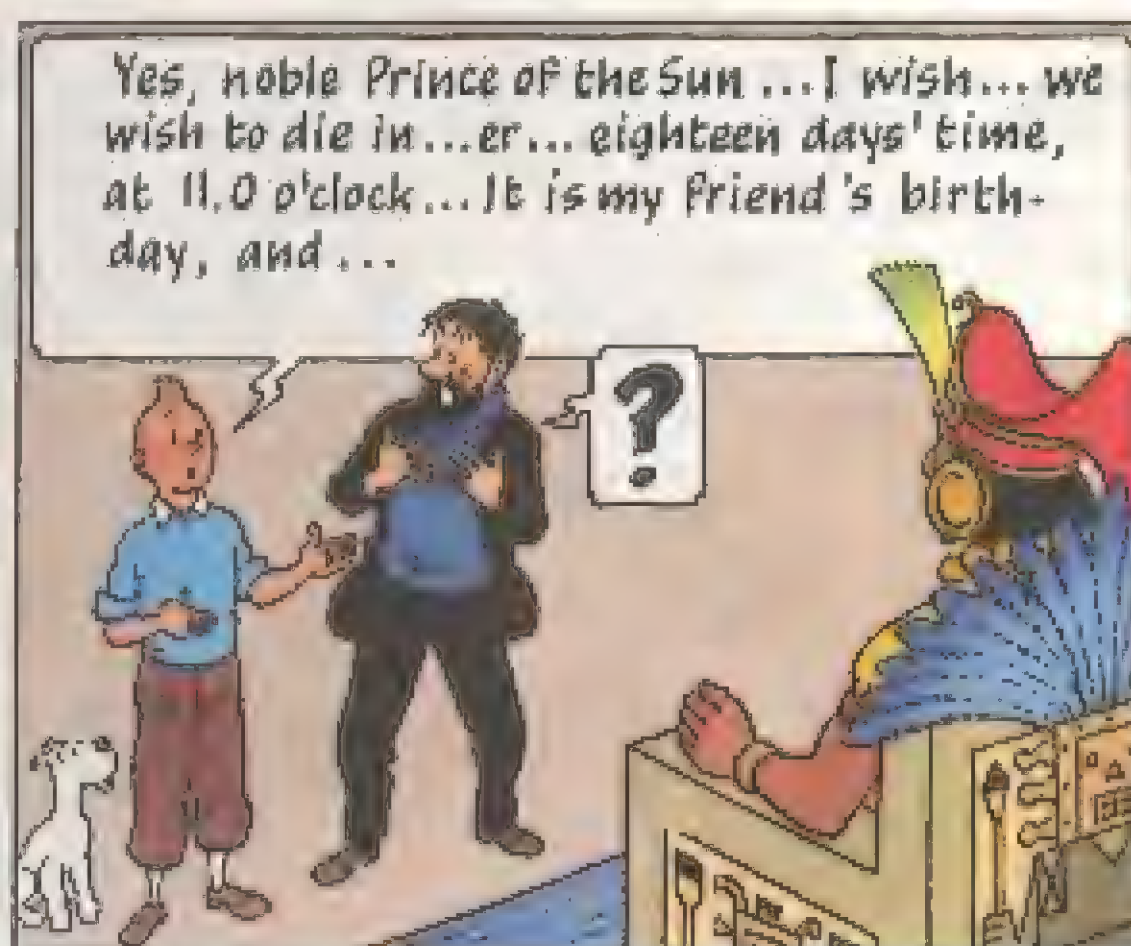




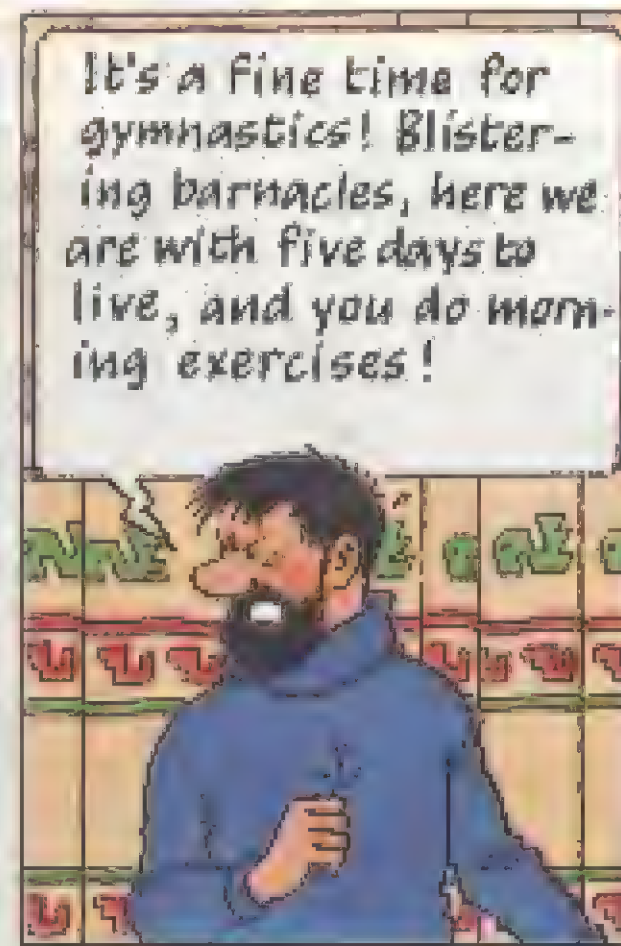
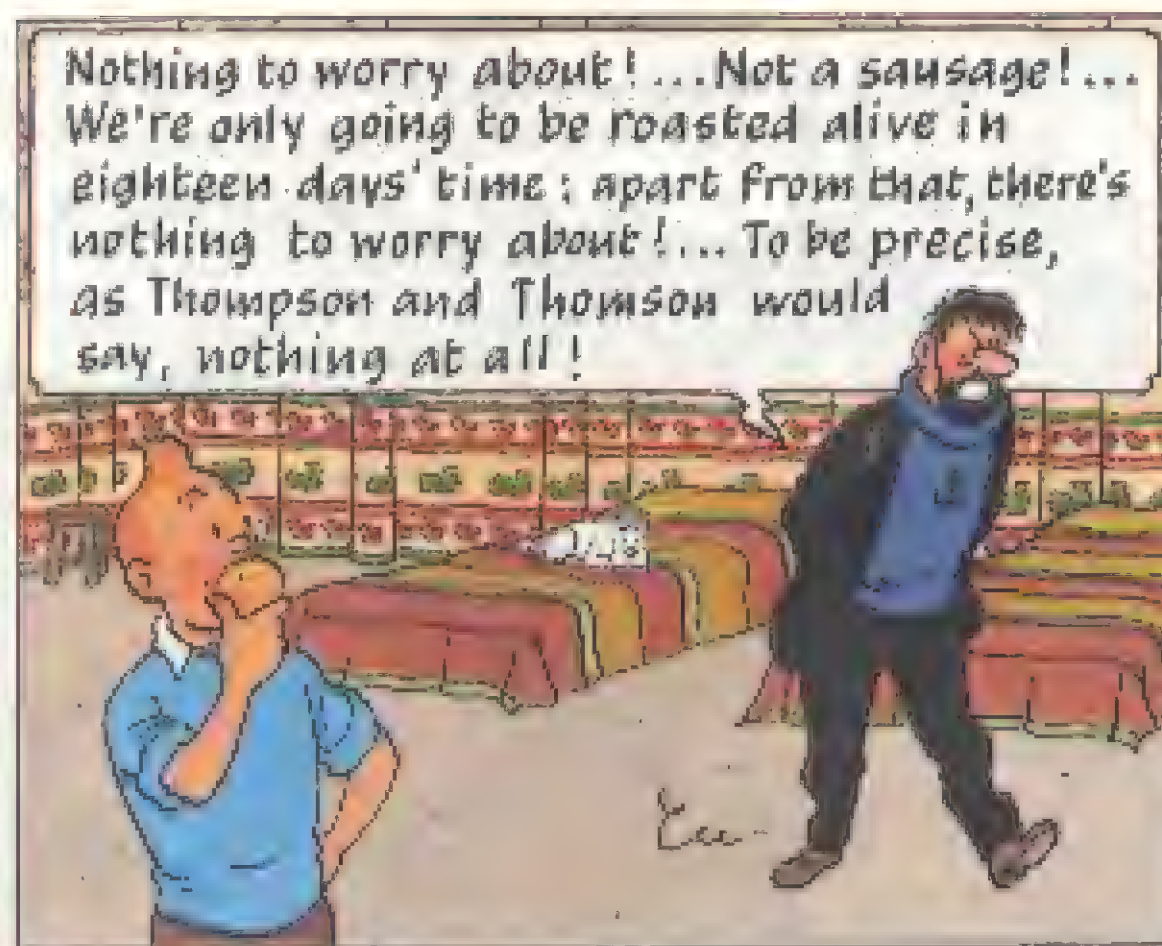














Only four days left...

No one's going to say that I allowed myself to be roasted like a turkey on a spit!... We must do something!

You know quite well that's impossible.



Only three days...

What can we do, thundering typhoons!?

Round and round... he's making me giddy!



Only two days to go...

How can you lie there, just lounging around!... Billions of blistering barnacles! We must do something!

Trust me, Captain. In two days' time we'll be free.



One day left...

It's all over!... Nothing to hope for! I never knew things could look so black!



At that moment...

According to the pendulum they're very low...



Next morning...

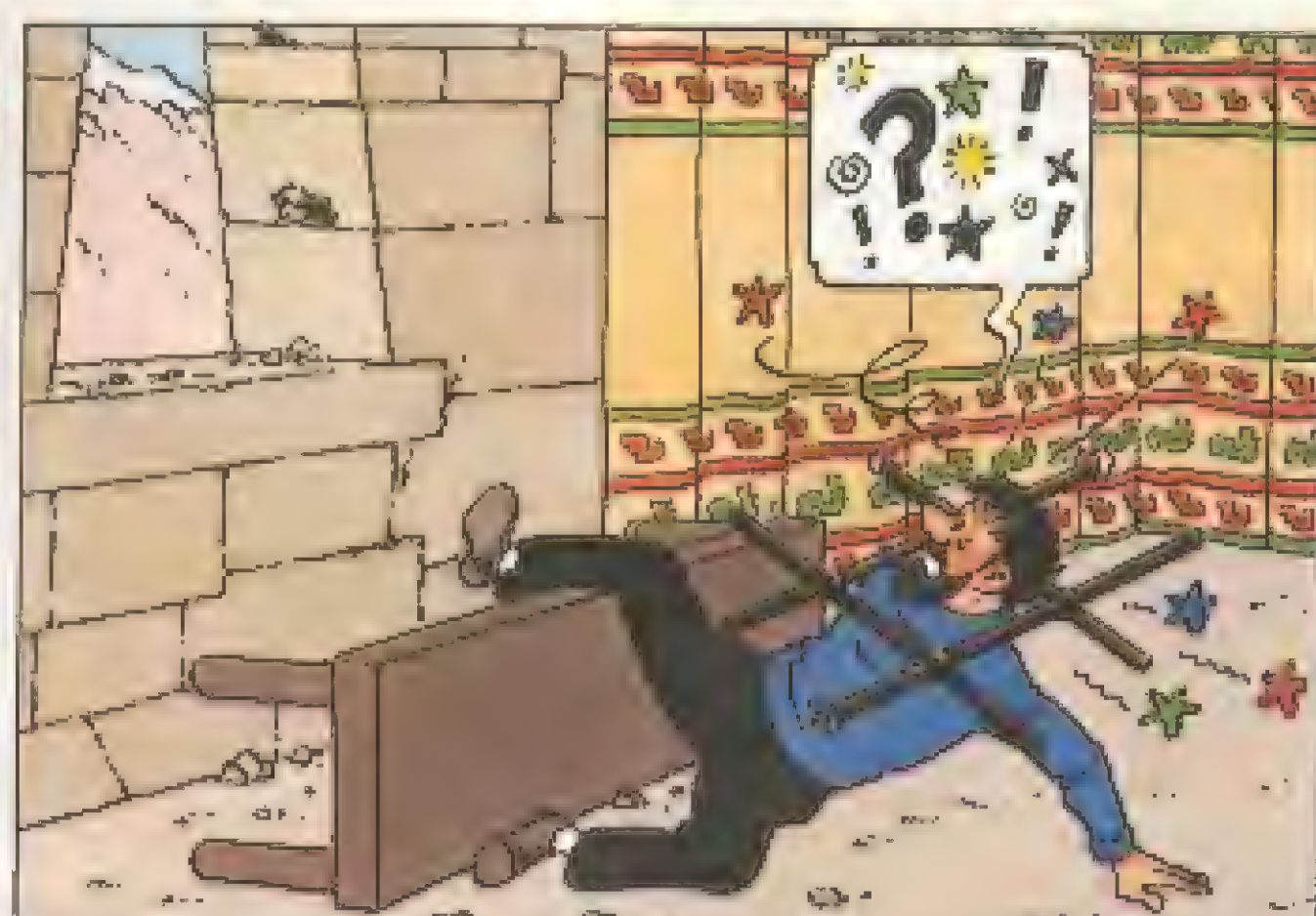
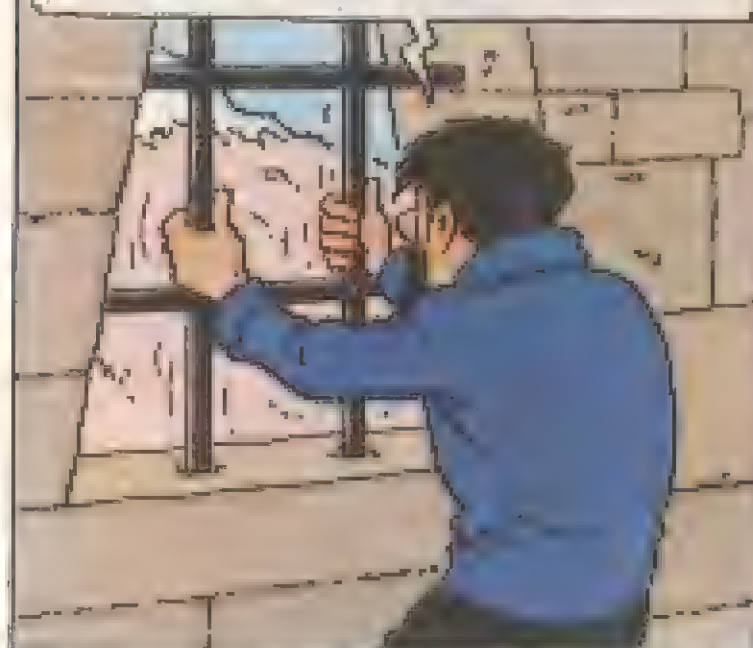
Only a few hours to live, and all you can do is read that bit of newspaper for the hundredth time!



"...The Swiss expedition is on its way to the Western Cordillera in the Andes. It will..." The rest is torn away.



Blistering barnacles! If it weren't for these compounded bars I'd soon be out of here!

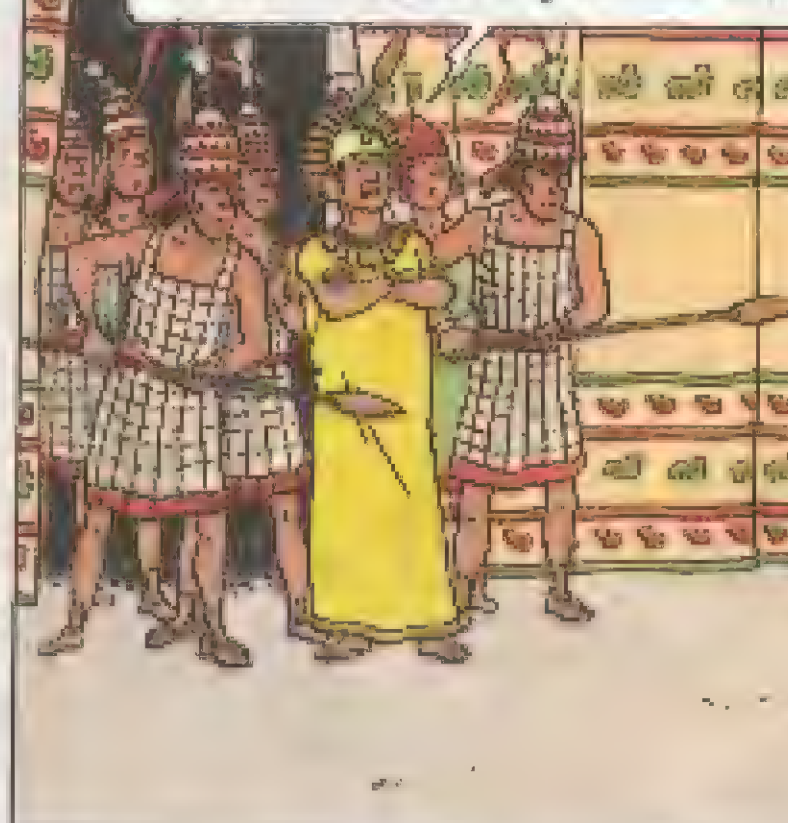


We're free!... Tintin, we're free!... Come on quickly, hurry!... Out!

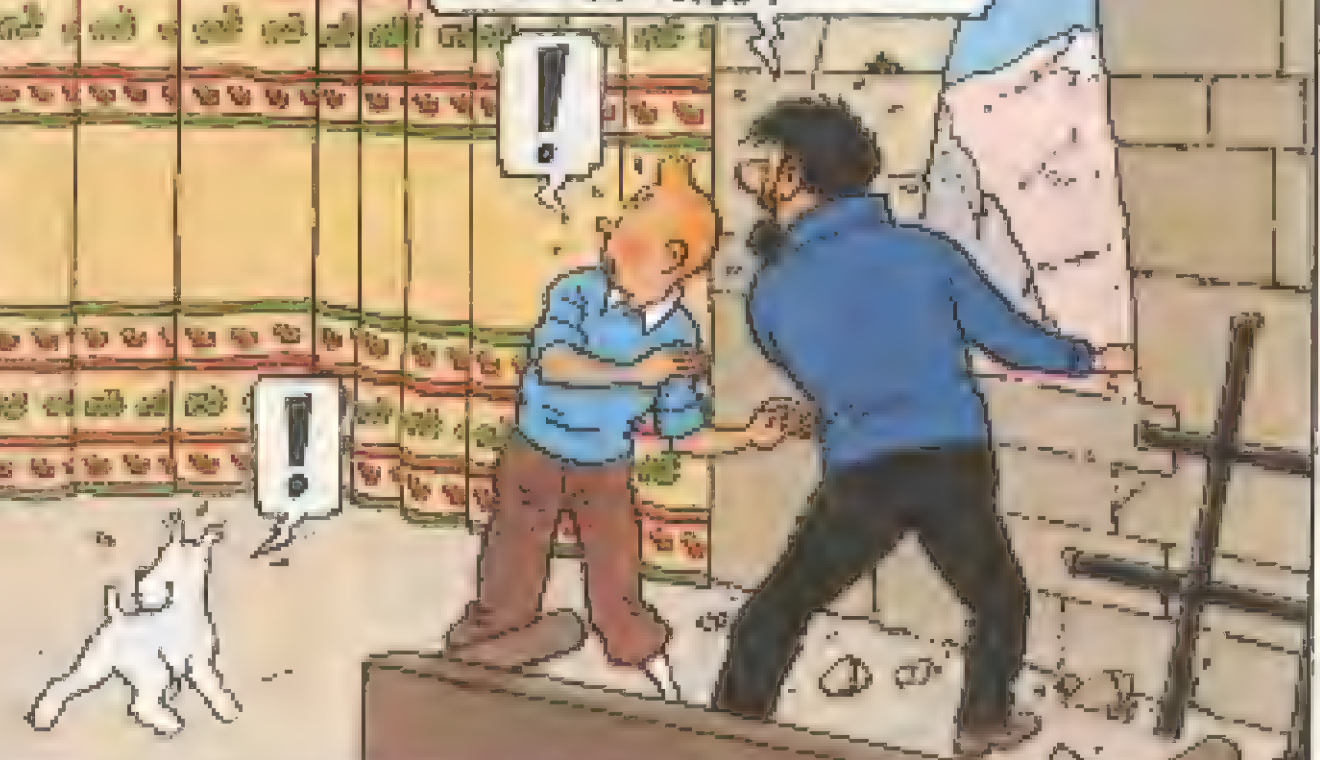
Don't do it, Captain! You'll break your neck!



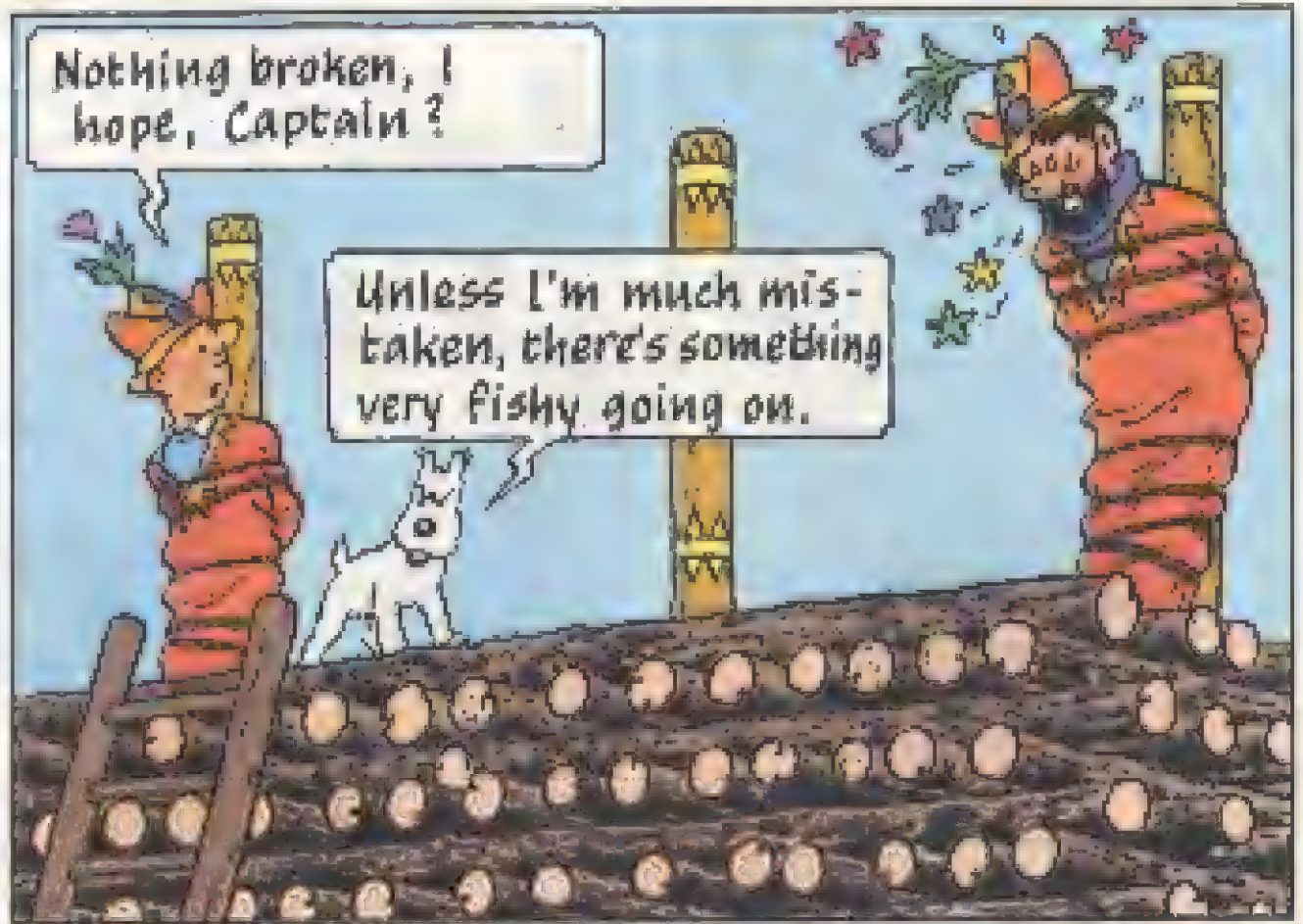
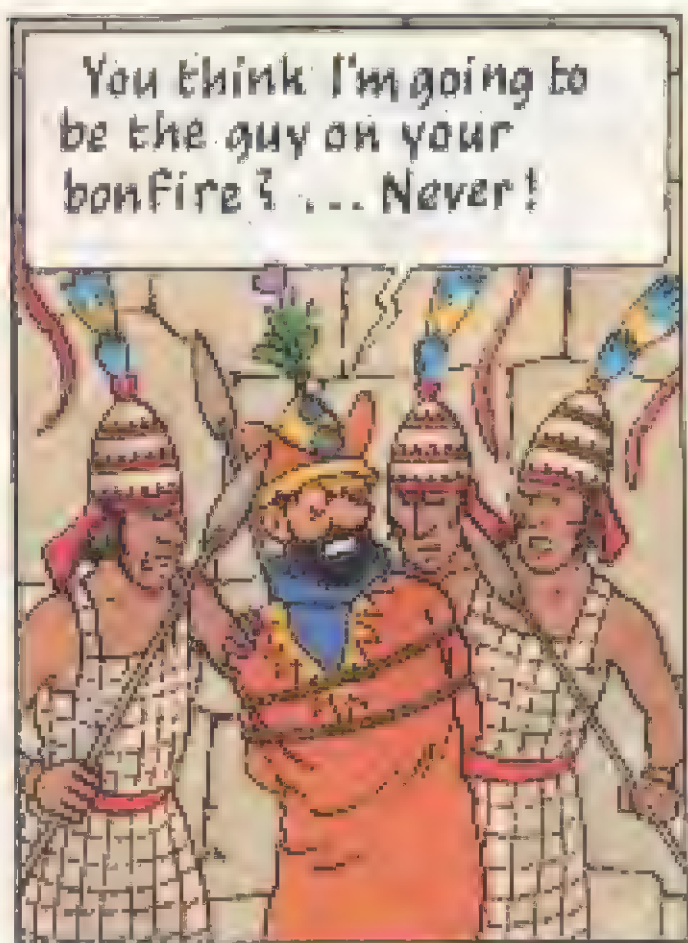
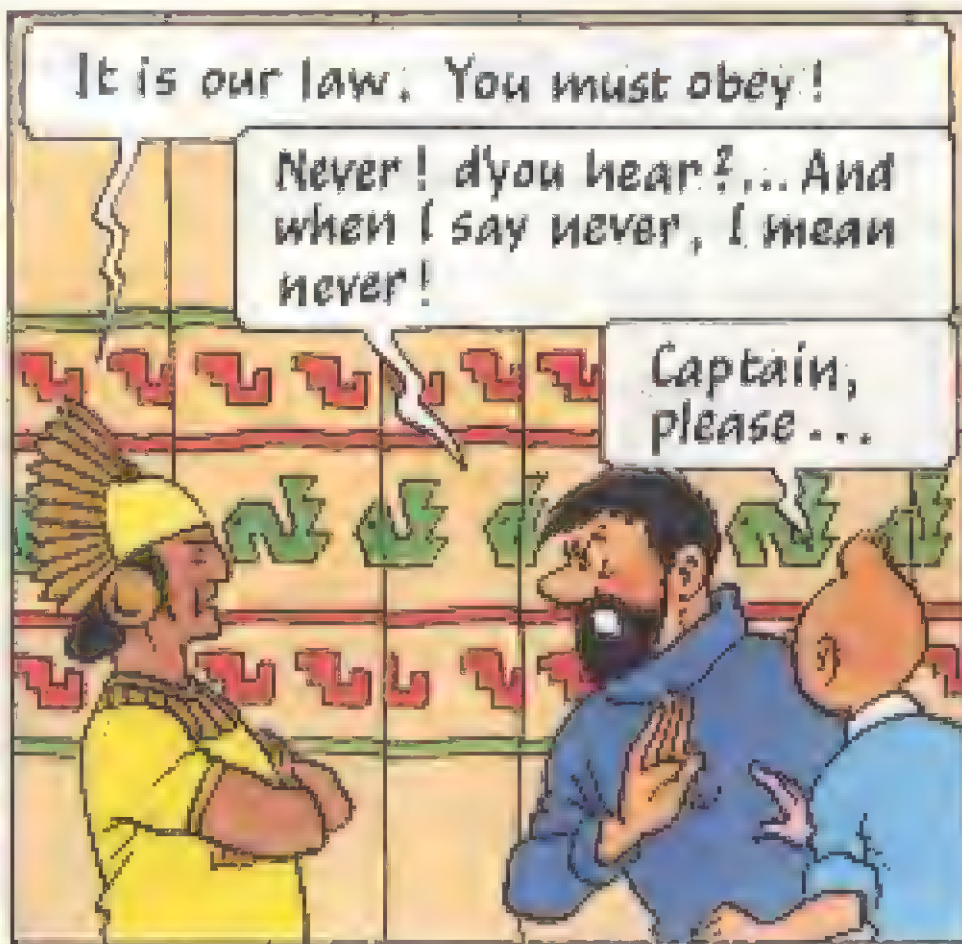
Aha! We are just in time!



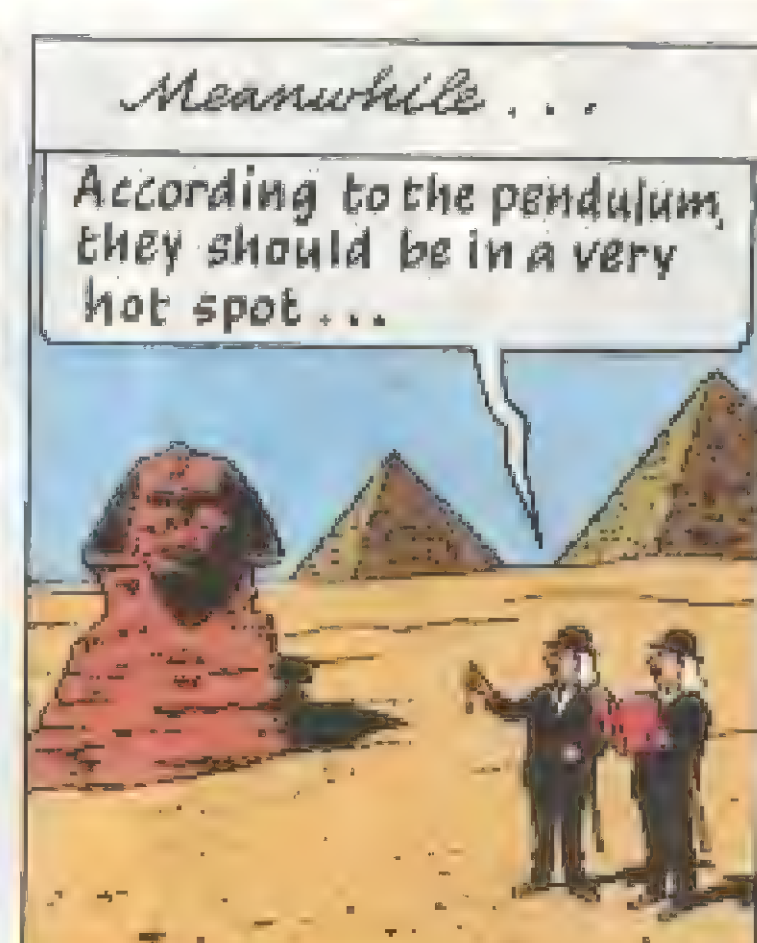
Thundering typhoons!... Too late!















Let the sacrifice begin!  
... Let the High Priest  
of the Sun advance  
to the pyre!



What's that thing he's got  
there?

That's the burning glass  
to set our bonfire  
alight.

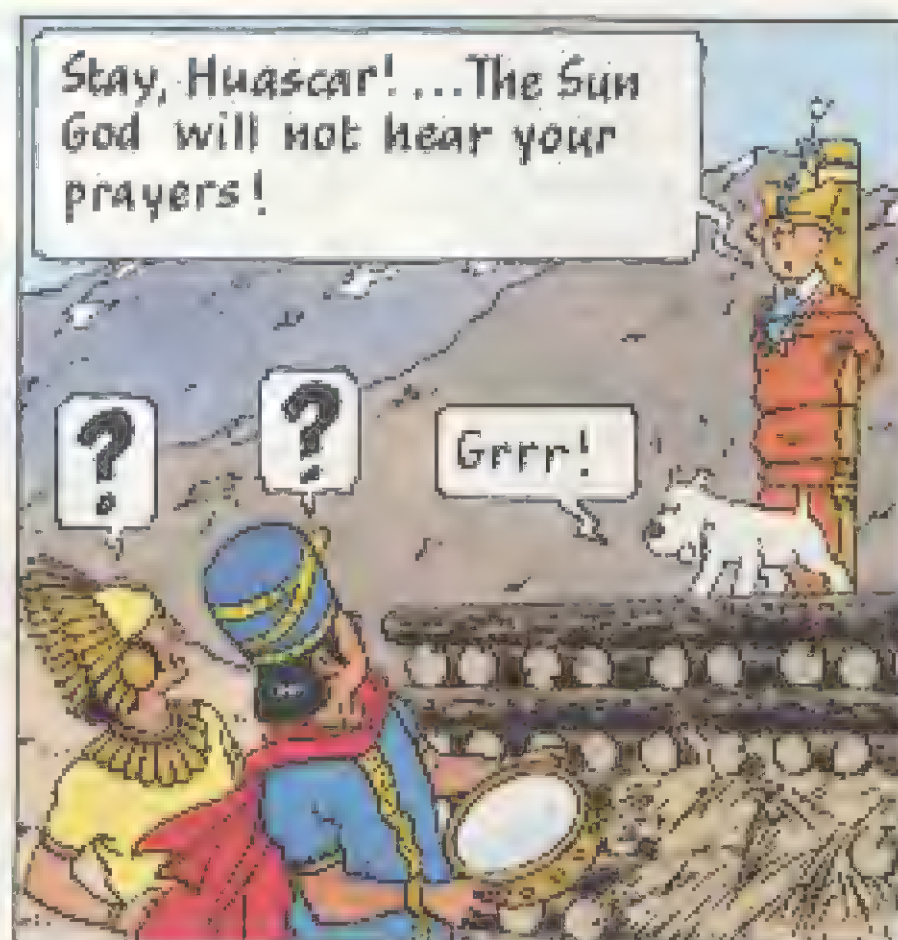
No?



Let me go! You mustn't  
kill them!



O Pachacamac, blessed lord of  
the day, maker of earth, god of  
life, strike now with thine  
avenging rays!



Stay, Huascar! ...The Sun  
God will not hear your  
prayers!

?

?

Grrr!



O magnificent  
Sun, if it is  
thy will that  
we should  
live, give us  
now a sign!



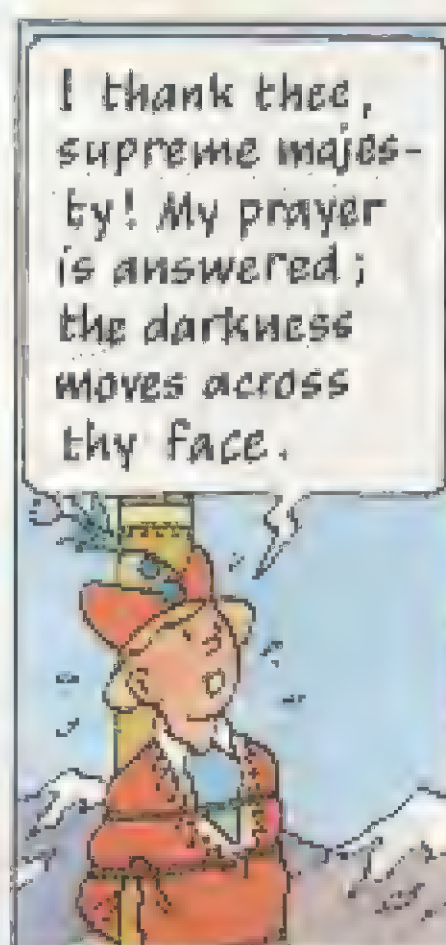
Silence, Foreign  
dog! How dare  
you call upon the Sun?



O God of the Sun, sublime  
Pachacamac, display thy  
power, I implore thee!  
... If this sacrifice is  
not thy will, hide thy  
shining face from us!

Poor Tintin, he's gone  
off his head!

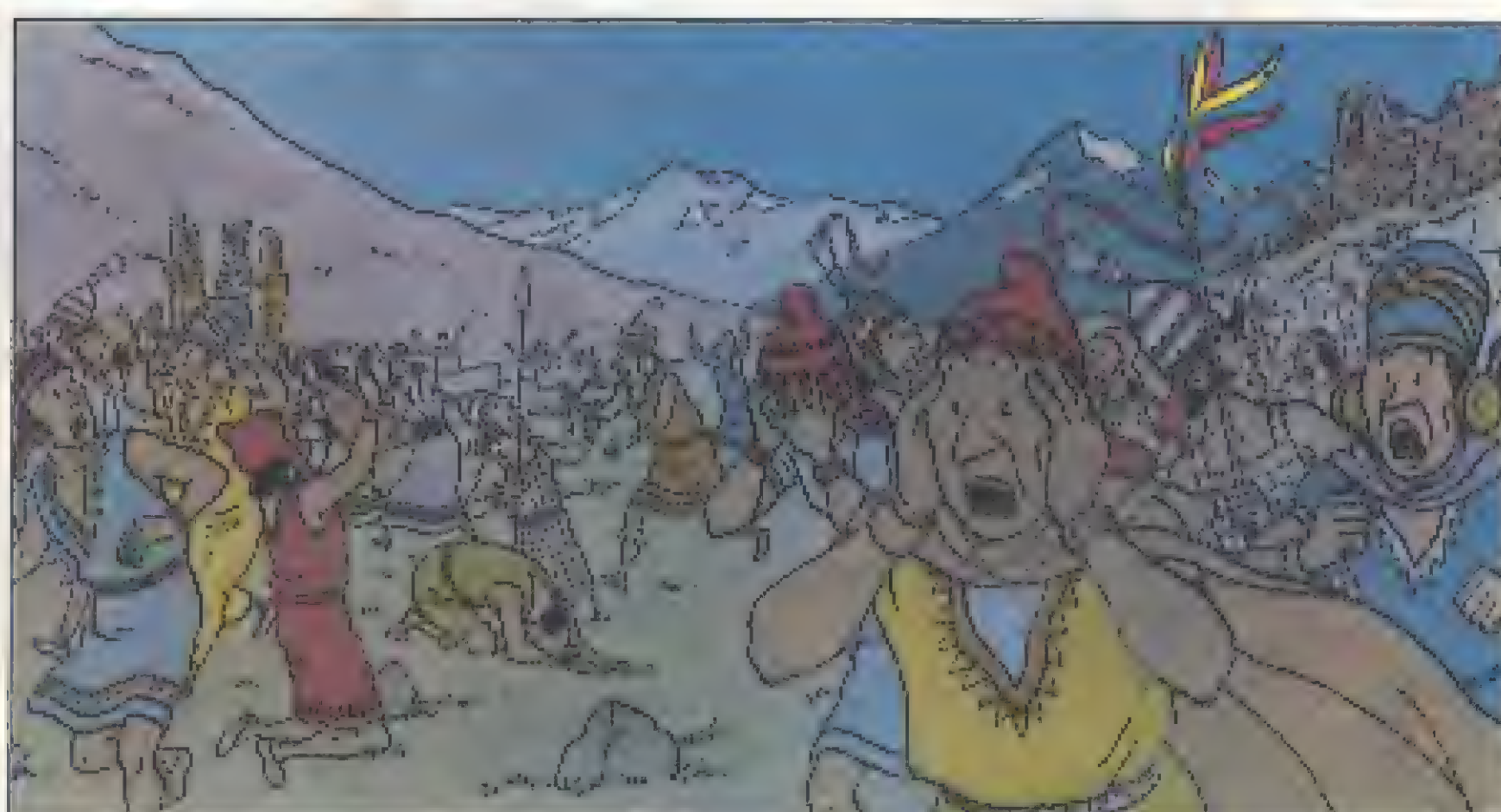
Not at all: your  
hat is very chic.



I thank thee,  
supreme majes-  
ty! My prayer  
is answered;  
the darkness  
moves across  
thy face.



But... blistering  
barnacles, he's  
right! ...Have I  
gone crazy too?  
... It's magic!









Next day...

I keep my word, noble strangers: you are free... My men will escort you to the foot of the mountains.

Thank you, noble Prince, but I have one further request...

In my country there are seven learned men who are still, I imagine, enduring terrible torture because of you. By some means you have them in your power. I beg you to end their suffering.

These men came here like hyenas, violating our tombs and plundering our sacred treasures. They deserve the punishment I have meted out.

No, they did not come to plunder, noble Prince of the Sun. Their sole purpose was to make known to the world your ancient customs and the splendours of your civilisation.

So be it. I think you speak truth... It shall be done. Follow me, noble strangers, and in your presence I will put an end to their torment.

Each of these images represents one of the men for whom you plead. Here in this chamber, by our hidden powers, we have tortured them. It is here that we will release them from their punishment.

Witchcraft! ... I can't believe it! ... But the crystal balls: what were they for?

The crystal balls contained a mystic liquid, obtained from coca, which plunged the victims into a deep sleep. The High Priest cast his spell over them... and could use them as he willed.

Now I see it all! ... That explains the seven crystal balls, and the extraordinary illness of the explorers. Each time the High Priest tortured the wax images the explorers suffered those terrible agonies.

Destroy the images, Huaco!

At that moment, in Europe...

What am I doing here?

What's happened? ... How did I get into hospital? ...

Where are we, Carling?

That's what I'm wondering, Sanders.

You here, Reedbuck?

Clarkson! ... What in the world ...

How did I get here?



*Next morning ...*

So you've chosen to stay here, Zorrino ... We must say goodbye, then. Perhaps one day we shall meet again ...



Before you leave us, noble strangers, I too have a favour to ask of you.



I swear that I will never reveal to anyone the whereabouts of the Temple of the Sun!



Me too; I swear I will never act in another film, however glittering the contract Hollywood may offer me. You have my word.



I know I can trust you. Ah, your guides ...



Perhaps you would like to open one of the saddle-bags?



Thundering typhoons! ... It's fantastic! ... Gold! ... Diamonds! ... Precious stones! ...



We thank you, noble Prince of the Sun, but we cannot accept such magnificent gifts.



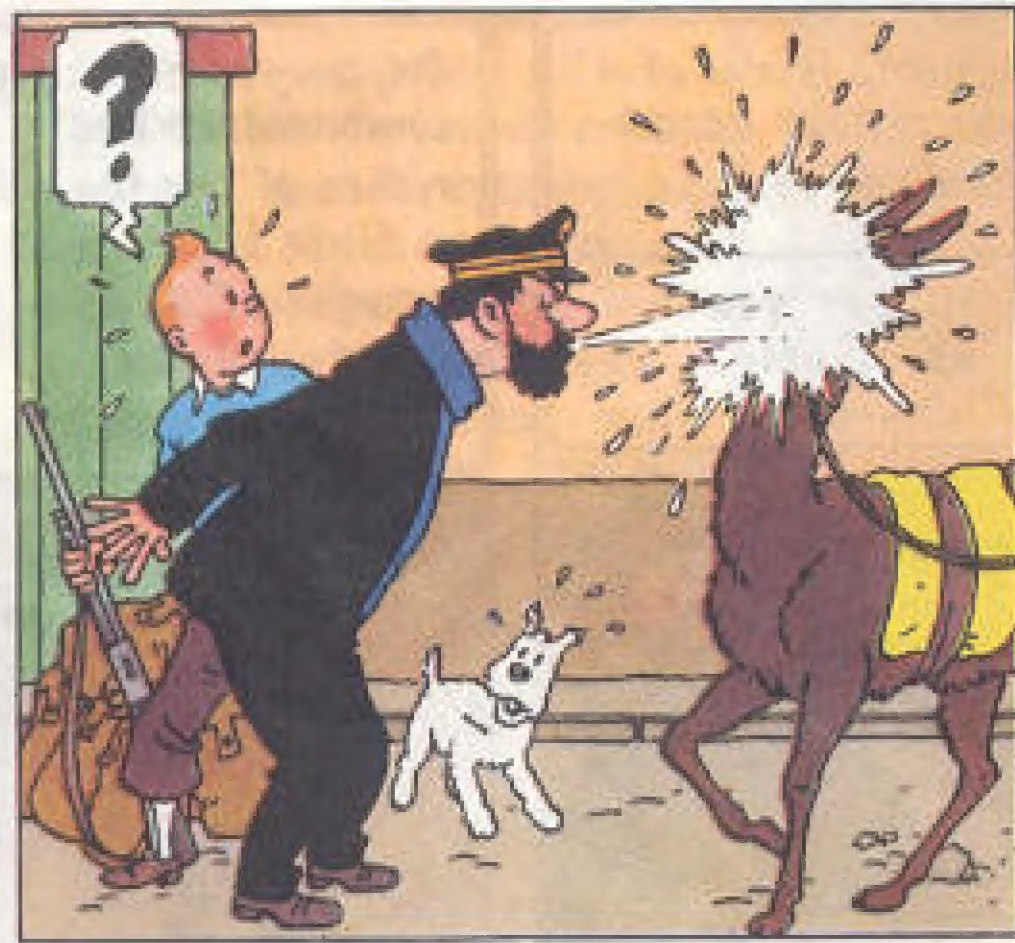
Oh, they are nothing compared to the riches of the temple! ... Since I have your promise of silence, come with me ...



*Meanwhile ...*







THE END